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MISSIONARY ADDRESSES

CHARLES HENRY FOWLER



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Missionary Addresses

By

CHARLES HENRY FOWLER

Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church

Presented To
Central College for Women
By W. B. PALMORE.

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To

MY WIFE,

Myra Hitchcock Fowler

AND TO

MY SON,

Carl Hitchcock Fowler

WHO TRAVELED WITH ME
IN ALL MY JOURNEYINGS TO OUR
FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS
AND WHO HAVE LOVINGLY
ENCOURAGED THIS WORK,

I DEDICATE
THIS VOLUME

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PREFATORY NOTE.

AMONG the really great preachers of this generation, whether in England or in America, it will be readily conceded that the Rev. Bishop Charles H. Fowler stands in the foremost rank. His fame as a preacher of the great themes of the Gospel, and on these only does he preach, extends far beyond the limits of his own Church. In Canada, in England, in the lands of the Orient, wherever he has journeyed performing the duties of his Episcopal office, thousands have waited on his ministry and rejoiced mightily in the light and inspiration that have come to them. The Christ and the Cross of Christ, His Incarnation, His Supernatural Work, Atonement for Human Sin, and the Sure Triumph of His Kingdom are the themes which, when presented with the fervor of conviction, have an immortal interest for men everywhere, and

nowhere in all the wide realm of Christian thought is Bishop Fowler more at home, or more truly the preacher, than when discoursing with strength and vigor on these foundation truths of our Holy Religion.

But it is not as a pulpit orator only that Bishop Fowler is known. The Christian world rejoices in the great orators of the sanctuary, eloquent defenders of truth, Liddon, Lacordaire, Beecher, Simpson, Storrs, Spurgeon, Clifford, Punshon, and a brilliant galaxy of others in all Churches and lands, and the Church of God might well despair when the Head of the Church no longer confers upon His people the gift of men endowed with persuasive speech. But it is not in the pulpit only, but in the assemblies of the people, wherever and whenever great principles of social or civic righteousness or momentous interests vital to the progress of Christ's kingdom are at stake that there also must the voice of the Prophet be heard. As a platform speaker Bishop Fowler's name is linked throughout the United States with many of

the most important occasions, great popular gatherings, when causes dear to the hearts of men in Church and State demanded fitting expression. In him, as in others of his colleagues, missions, education, philanthropy, and patriotism have ever found an eloquent tongue.

For some time Bishop Fowler was importuned to publish his sermons and addresses, and also his lectures; but he steadily declined. Yielding finally, however, to persistent solicitation, he turned over his manuscripts, and within a short period four volumes, including his Missionary Addresses, Miscellaneous Addresses, Lectures and Select Sermons, will be published. This first volume contains those great missionary addresses which recent missionary movements called forth, and others which from time to time the author as pastor, missionary secretary, or bishop has given to the Church. Here, once again, is the prophet of old, preacher and statesman in modern dress, the needs of the nations, the adequacy of the Gospel, and the future

of the kingdom of God in triumph are presented to us with illuminating power, and with earnest pleading he calls us to see his dream, which he only dreams who thinks it is a dream.

To each address we have prefixed a short note, stating time and place and occasion of its delivery, with such incidental remark as may be of interest now or in days to come.

R. J. COOKE,
Book Editor.

MISSIONARY ADDRESSES

I.

MISSIONS AND WORLD MOVEMENTS.

[This theme was assigned to Bishop Fowler by the Open Door Emergency Commission. The address was prepared and delivered before the Missionary Convention held in the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, October 13, 1903, just preceding the opening of the Russo-Japanese War.

While the address was being delivered to that immense audience, the newsboys in the streets were crying for the first time "The strained relations between Russia and Japan threaten immediate rupture." This new alarm emphasized and shaped some of the utterances. Subsequent events intensified the interest in this address. The moral support given to Japan by England and the United States made more pronounced interference unnecessary in order to keep Japan on the world's map. The address created a profound impression, and contributed largely to the moulding of public opinion.]

MISSIONS AND WORLD MOVEMENTS fully stated would answer the whys of human history: why it runs thus and thus. Mount Calvary is the key that unlocks the mystery. Redemption is God's objective point. Whatever God says goes in a Missionary Convention; goes finally in human history. I have seen throngs of Hindus bathing at the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna. They believed that at the junction of these two sacred rivers

there was also a third, a holy and invisible river coming down from the throne of God, that, mingling with the two earthly rivers, cleansed the bathers and made them fit for the kingdom of God. So we hold that where the great streams of secular events and of Church movements mingle, there is also another stream coming down from God's Almighty Providence that transforms these streams and orders their movements in the interest of the kingdom of God. This stream of Providence comes to the surface in the history of Israel, but it sweeps on under all history. Cyrus took Babylon from polytheists, idolaters, and extended the domains of Monotheism. Mohammed trampled down idolatrous altars. The bloody Eagles of Rome quieted and compacted the clashing tribes and lifted a wide shield that protected St. Paul everywhere from the malice and bigotry of his countrymen. German and English monarchs turned back the power of the Pope and made room for religious freedom. Wesley touched the dead corpse of formal Christianity; it felt the throb of new life, and stood upon its feet. These are world movements for righteousness.

There is a drift toward righteousness. Latest evolutionists hold that natural selection is under this law. There has always been one end in view up through all animal increments to the perfected physical, up into the intellectual, and up, by the same law of selection, to the spiritual. From the first speck of mist in the universe, on through the inconceivable lapses of duration, there has been a steady trend toward the perfect man. This ideal of evolution Christianity has realized in the Man of Nazareth. There is that in things that makes for righteousness. My faith does not faint or weary in this long ascent. This only gives me a good start into an endless future. The Supreme Power who has worked and watched so long will not now sleep nor forget me. *The Trend of the Ages.*

On the way to the North Cape our steamer brushed against the branches of trees on the sides of the mountains that rose almost straight up out of the sea. I wondered how it could be safe to sail so close. But marine engineers said to me: "It is safe. The shape and slant of the land above water indicates the shape and slant of the land below." So the unnumbered ages of God's thought in the past as-

sures me of care for endless ages to come. When God tires out it will be so late that the universe will have been rolled together like a scroll and folded away like a vesture, and we shall have grown so old and strong on the wide fields of our eternal activity that we can only dimly recall the little kindergarten patch of this world's missions. With Jesus here in our humanity, we see what is possible. We can poorly realize what we shall be; but this we know, we shall be transformed into His likeness, our vile bodies shall be fashioned like unto His glorious body, and we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. God seeks always, with all power and with all wisdom, with all unflagging, heartaching love, to lift up and save all men. He is no respecter of persons; He willeth not the death of him that dieth, but would that all men would turn and live. God's Providence sweeps round the world and through all time. All available forces and agencies are marshaled and marched, sent into the field to help forward His redeeming purpose. So the great world forces that seem so hard and hostile are yet handled by Him. They are His messengers, His missionaries. Even the wrath

of men shall praise Him, and the remainder of wrath He will restrain. All things shall work together for good for His children and for His cause.

Natural Enemies.

True, many statesmen handling heathen countries for profit, many nominal Christians in mission-fields for trade, many travelers wishing to make books for the market, and many sea-going officers who barely reach open ports, are the natural enemies of missionaries and their work. The lives of many of these men are rebuked, and their practices are interfered with; therefore they are quick to criticise what they never investigate. The East India Company stood in the way of mission work for years. Government officials frequently are willing to find scapegoats, and therefore criticise and complain.

Missionaries Usually Pioneers.

But in spite of all these surface views, the facts remain that missionaries usually lead the way into these lands. They furnish much information for government administrators and for scientists. The secretaries and interpreters of the government embassies to unopened heathen countries have nearly always been missionaries. When the ministers of the civilized governments were besieged in Peking,

and the whole world stood aghast, hourly expecting the horrible massacre to be consummated, it was a missionary, an honored member of this body, Rev. F. D. Gamewell, D. D., that conducted the defense, without which, according to the written statement of the British Minister in Peking, deliverance would have been impossible. When our American troops made their way into Peking under the wall through the bed of the river, as the Persians made their way into Babylon and into the feast of Belshazzar, it was a missionary of our own missions, Rev. C. L. Conger, who led the troops into the city. We feel that it is high time for this irresponsible and unjust criticism to stop.

Pardon me that I have turned aside a moment to repel these gorillas. To repel gorillas, did I say? No, not to repel gorillas; only to brush away these gnats. Let me address myself to the great forces that fill this field.

Theme. Our theme, like a cube in geometry, has three dimensions—length, breadth, and thickness. Its factors are nations and races; its fields are seas and continents; its sweep is the duration of mankind. It is ethnological, touching all the families of men. It is polit-

ical, reaching all the world governments. It is ethical, handling the principles of the moral government of God. It has chiefly to do with the Mongol, the Slav, the Saxon, the Latin and the African races. It involves paganism, heathenism, and the Greek Church, Romanism and Protestantism. As a map of the world can show only the few very great cities, so we can only touch a very few of the principal world movements. The Latin races in the Eastern Hemisphere have a great past, and in the Western Hemisphere they promise a great future. But we must pass these important fields with the prayer and hope that our misionary work may rejuvenate the one and emancipate the other. The African race is a far more remote dominion; this also we must pass. Let us fix our thought rather upon the uncounted baptized and unbaptized heathen, whose movements claim our attention.

The Pacific the Storm-Center.

The Pacific is the storm-center of the world. Low political barometers are traversing its vast surface. Danger-signals are exhibited on nearly every coast. All the great capitals are watching their ventures. The storm-center has left the Mediterranean and the British

Channel and the North Atlantic, and now draws all eyes to the Yellow Sea and the Pacific. De Tocqueville said: "The United States was a new factor in the world, the significance of which even the imagination could not grasp." Creasy, the English historian, in 1851 predicted the forcible opening of Japan by the United States and the vast changes in the Orient. Thomas H. Benton, arguing in the United States Senate for a Pacific Railroad, pointed to the setting sun and said, "There, there, gentlemen, is the East!" William H. Seward, in Congress pleading in the interest of commerce for more accurate surveys of the North Pacific, gifted with the vision of the Seer, said: "The Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast regions beyond, will become the chief theater of events in the world's great hereafter." And again, this great statesman, in 1852, standing in the United States Senate Chamber by the side of the bier of Henry Clay, said: "Certainly, sir, the great lights of the Senate have set. We are rising to a more sublime stage of national progress, that of expanding wealth and rapid territorial aggrandizement. . . . Commerce has brought the ancient continents near

to us, and created necessities for new positions. . . . Perhaps connections or colonies there. . . . Even prudence will soon be required to decide whether distant regions East or West shall come under our protection, or be left to aggrandize a rapidly spreading and hostile domain of despotism. Sir, who among us is equal to these mighty questions? I fear there is no one."

Since these inspired words were uttered more than fifty years have joined the silent and endless procession of the past. That statesman, like the one voiceless at his feet, has passed from the stage of action into the chiseled marble and molded bronze, and into the page of history. But these "mighty questions" are standing here, like mailed warriors, to dispute our march into the future. Whether we wish to enter the lists or not, we must, with the aid of the facts dropped at our feet by this half-century, make to these "mighty questions" answers with which we can humbly and fearlessly face God.

Asia.

The apocalyptic angel for this twentieth century, calling the nations to judgment, stands with one foot on the Pacific and the other on the continent of Asia. The Pacific

washes five continents out of six. Asia contains the three greatest empires on earth,—British, Russian, Chinese. It cradles three-fourths of mankind. It has the loftiest mountains and the most important rivers. It has the widest stretches of arable land, and the most productive soil. It has an empire extending from the Arctic Sea to the Indian Ocean, and from Germany to the Yellow Sea. "It built the most wonderful of all cities, Babylon, and the richest of all palaces, Persepolis, and the most beautiful of all tombs, the Taj Mahal." It has given us music and the drama, gunpowder, and the compass, guide on the earth; and the Bible, guide to heaven. It has generated the most philosophies, and is the birthplace of all the great religions. It has produced "the five greatest moral and religious teachers of the world,—Moses, Buddha, Confucius, Jesus, and Mohammed;" the wisest of kings and the bloodiest of conquerors. This is the land where the Church was organized in Abraham, and where the law was thundered from Mount Sinai; where the race was blasted in Eden, and where it was redeemed on Calvary. This is great Asia, whose population to-day is on

the increase, and whose virility, with the aid of Russian infusions, equals its palmiest days; whose commerce is the magnet of every metropolis, and whose markets are the inspiration of every great nation and the necessity of all the dense populations. With new blood monopolizing her highways; with rival leaders, the Saxon and the Slav, fighting with their backs to the North Sea and the Arctic Ocean, it is impossible for the imagination to measure its importance. Not a harbor open to the Pacific but feels the throbbing of its swelling pulse, and not a nation with a Pacific exposure that can safely sleep at the present low-tide mark.

China the Problem for the World.

Turkey is the sick man in Europe, China is the sick man in Asia. I can not discuss her special mission work. I can only enter the Yellow Ward in the World's Hospital, feel the patient's pulse, look at her tongue, question the nurses, and sit down a few moments with doctors and surgeons in the anteroom. The patient seems to have creeping paralysis. It may be locomotor ataxia. It may be only a trick of the old serpent. The doctors are timid about diagnosing the case. They all agree that, whatever ails her body, the mal-

ady has not reached her intellect. Her cunning has never been surpassed. The Russian surgeon has brought his chest of instruments, yet he seems to hesitate to venture an opinion. Once when the Roman Conclave was walled in to elect a new Pope, and no one of the Roman Catholic monarchs was certain of electing his candidate, in order to gain time they elected an aged cardinal who was too sick and feeble to stand alone. As soon as the ballot was announced the sick man arose, dropped his crutches, and straightened up in vigorous manhood, saying, "Now, gentlemen, you have a ruler." A long and powerful reign verified his statement. So it is difficult to treat this sick man of Asia, who has the longevity of the forests, the rough endurance of the rhinoceros, the stately dignity of the lion, the cunning of the fox, and the wisdom of the serpent.

The Bulk of China.

The bulk of China is too vast to be handled easily in our minds.

As it was lying on the map when some of us were in school, it stretched through sixty degrees of longitude and spread over forty degrees of latitude. It measured four and a half million square miles. But in the con-

vulsions of recent years it has shaken off Tibet, Ili, Kashgaria, Mongolia, and Korea, and now Manchuria is also being threatened by the great Polar Bear. There remain one million five hundred thousand square miles of the best acreage, one-third the empire in area, with eleven-twelfths in population. It is over three hundred and fifty million strong. It is not difficult to accept the recent statement of J. W. Foster, the great authority on American diplomacy, when he says: "It is scarcely an exaggeration in presence of its history and attainments to assert that no nation or race of ancient or modern times has stronger claim than the Chinese to be called a great people." They were an *ancient* people, with city and town organizations, with commerce and trade, with arts and sciences, with histories and heroes, three thousand years before there was an Anglo-Saxon. They had printing many centuries before Faust played with his blocks, and gunpowder long before the last great Mohammed shot down the gates and walls of Constantinople. Their compass directed their open sea voyages beyond the sight of mountain or beacon long before Columbus picked up bits of strange wood on

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the shores of Italy. They dug salt-wells five thousand feet deep centuries before Solomon was born, and they had civil service examinations for office ages before Abraham received the blessing from Melchizedek. Surely they are a great people.

Sui Generis.

When I stepped upon the shores of Asia I felt that I was in another world. The ages crumpled beneath my feet, and I instinctively looked about me for the patriarchs and for the leaders of the primitive races. Physically everything was turned around. Men I met turned out to the left; men I greeted shook their own hands instead of mine. Scaffoldings were built first, then the houses were built inside of them. The mechanic turned his auger and gimlet and screws to the left to make them enter. The carpenter pulled his plane and his saw toward him, and pushed his drawing-knife from him. Strangers moving into a new neighborhood called on the people with whom they wanted social relations. Soon one learns that these externals are only indices of deeper differences. The very modes of thought seem reversed. Their architecture and art and very laws of language are peculiar. Business methods, politics, lit-

erature, amusements, and worship, are all reversed. While the races of the Orient often differ widely from each other in personal appearance, in costume and speech, yet one feels a common spirit among them all. Touch Asia anywhere, and you have the same impressions. It is like touching a tiger, soft and pleasant; yet you are conscious that there are teeth and claws concealed near by. There is the same politeness and dignity in manner, the same indifference to truth, and attention to minute social laws. It is always easier for them to lie than to offend. Æsthetics annihilates Ethics. They respect successful falsehood, and judges who are flagrantly corrupt. They placidly accept any government with power. They admire a governor who rides over them and beheads them. Liberty would be scoffed by them. They think that there is no use of having power unless you use it. They do not believe in power that they can not see. Honesty is a myth, and a man who does not improve his opportunities is an imbecile. They are oblivious of the value of time, and hate haste as much as if they had, like Methuselah, eight or nine centuries to kill. There is a gulf between the Orientals and Occidentals

as wide as the gulf fixed between Dives and Lazarus; yet, as in that case, there are humans on both sides. These are some of the characteristics of the Asiatics, from the Arctic Ocean to the Indian Ocean, and from the Black Sea to the Yellow Sea.

These characteristics, bad as they are throughout Asia, *have their worst development in China.* Here their evil types are confluent and malignant. The Chinaman has no public spirit. The officers are paid to administer the government; so let them do it. The officers, almost without exception, are unmitigated liars and thieves, and the mass of the people match them in perfidy. There is not the slightest shame about lying. But it is a disgrace not to put on the best face. Treachery is a virtue. Li Hung Chang gave safe conduct and assurances to the seven leading captive generals of the Tai Ping Rebellion to dine with him on his boat, and the next morning their heads were knocking about in the bay. Sir Robert Hart was so outraged by this bloody perfidy that it is said he hunted all day, revolver in hand, for Prince Li, determined to kill him at sight. There is no limit to their mendacity. The

higher the official, the more monumental the treachery. In 1793 Lord Macartney was the first English plenipotentiary to be admitted to an audience with the emperor. He refused to *kowtow—i. e.,* pound his head on the ground—for his king knew no superior. The boat that carried him up the Peiho toward Peking bore a flag saying, "Ambassador bearing *tribute* from the country of England." The high officials took advantage of his ignorance of Chinese to proclaim this falsehood. It would take a supernatural chemistry to distill one drop of honorable integrity out of a nation like that.

Ingratitude.

It is not strange that such a people left to themselves are *incapable of gratitude.* The two men who had served China most faithfully for more than half a century in most arduous and distinguished duties are Sir Robert Hart, head of the Customs service, whose integrity and honesty and lofty character have never been questioned, and Dr. Martin, head of the Chinese College for training men for the diplomatic service of China.

The greatness of these men is only surpassed by the greatness and variety of their public services. There are no men in all Asia who

deserve more from China than they do. There ought not to be a man in the Empire who would not gladly protect these two men at all hazards. Yet when the outbreak against the foreigners culminated in Peking, no man would lift a hand to help them, and they barely escaped with their lives into the protection of the British barricades.

Dishonest. The Empire is honeycombed with secret societies. The slyness and mystery of these organizations are adapted to the superstition and suspicion of the Chinese character. These societies afford runways from the officials and from real and imaginary enemies. Their thieves have a king, who sells immunity from their ravages. Their beggars also have a king, who fixes the price of deliverance from their importunities and offensiveness. It is an unclassified social condition, where a beggar travels his circuit on horseback. Famine-relief money sent to Canton was used to pay damages awarded on account of assaults made upon the foreign concession. When the emperor orders that taxes be not collected in a certain district on account of famine, the officials often carefully delay posting the decree till after the taxes have been collected. Often,

when relief has been distributed, the tax-gatherer follows close upon the heels of the charity agent and gathers up the contributions. Possibly these two agents have a co-partnership in the business and both thrive.

I saw up in the hills along the Yang-tse the castle of a great viceroy who had cut off within three scores of ten thousand heads, and I saw some of the heads hung out over the street in iron baskets like ancient torchlights. This viceroy was praying to his gods to spare him till he rounded up the full ten thousand. Yet he would quote from Mencius and other ancient classics beautiful sentiments about "the sacredness of human life." Cooke, in his "Life and State Papers of a Chinese Statesman," shows that this statesman "pockets the money given to him to repair an embankment, and thus inundates a province; and he deplores the land lost to the cultivation of the soil." Signing a treaty, he said it was "only a deception for the moment," yet he exclaims "against the crime of perjury." The supreme irony known anywhere in the world, in the united judgment of the foreign ministers, is in the inscription over the entrance to the Yamen, where treaties are negotiated,

which reads, "The greatest happiness is in doing good." Like the wrecker, who had picked up the body of a drowned man, when asked if he had tried to resuscitate him, said, "Yes, sir; I picked his pockets." This bland, two-faced perjury runs throughout the Empire from top to bottom. Very rare exceptions, one in a thousand, are found, hardly enough to prove the law.

Li Hung Chang was sent to St. Petersburg to protest against Russian encroachments upon Manchuria, and he was at that very time in the pay of the Russian Government as a director in the Russian Bank in Peking. China is the supreme *dissembler* of all the races and of all the ages. It is a compound of Judas Iscariot and Ananias, perfected by the training and practice of four thousand years. It has not the conscience of Judas, enabling it to commit suicide. It barely has the smoldering remnants of the moral sense of Ananias, sufficient to make it susceptible to moral punishment. Its chief public virtue is fear of power. The only binding force in its covenants is in the mouth of a double-shotted cannon.

This moral mummy is embalmed and wrapped in superstitions four thousand years old, and more than ten thousand layers deep. These superstitions touch every act of life, and every word, and every secret thought. They are victims of luck, fortune-tellers, and necromancy. They live in a world packed to the very stars with powerful spirits, which must not be offended. All ranks and classes, from the emperor down to the poorest coolie, are steeped and boiled and parboiled in superstition. By these superstitions the university men and the priests govern and rob and torment all classes. A priest in charge of a temple in Canton pays many thousand dollars ($40,000) for the control of the temple. He robs the people by his monopolies to pay this fee and enrich himself. Poor people pay to him ten times as much for an incense stick as it costs elsewhere. Only sticks purchased in that temple can be burned there. Women pay enormous extortions for the privilege of sleeping on mats in the temple. This privilege is said to increase their chances for male progeny. *Superstitions.*

All China is robbed and persecuted and tor-

mented by these cruel superstitions. Behind the viceroy's Yamen in Tientsin—that was Li Hung Chang's Yamen or Court—there was a temple to Ta Wang, the wind-and-water dragon. A boat conveying a prefect was nearly overturned by a sudden storm. Some boatman with his pole must have carelessly disturbed Ta Wang. Careful search was made, and a small snake was discovered near the railroad bridge. Profuse apologies and prostrations were made to it, and it was carefully carried with the greatest pomp and ceremony to the Ta Wang temple. China is the deepest pit of heathenism, where Satan brews his most powerful charms and his most deadly moral plagues.

No human plummet can fathom this sea of corruption. Two hundred thousand natives in Hong-Kong, many of them born there or living there fifty years in close contact with intelligent foreigners, glad to have the protection of the British flag and the high wages of a British city, where silver is as abundant as brass on the main land, and where no mandarin can extort half or any part of their wages; glad to be taught English without cost, so as to earn the high wages of European

clerks and have the free service of English physicians; glad to be under incorruptible magistrates and just policemen; glad to live in a model foreign city, where they can live as they please and follow their own customs and worship their own gods, with everything to help them, and nothing to disturb them,—in spite of all this, they are in all ranks, with very few exceptions, too few to count, as deeply dyed with superstitions as any who never even saw a civilized man. They are bland and smiling and silent while nothing unusual jars the public mind. But when the plague came, all their old superstitions came to the surface. They cursed and hated the foreigners, and hid their sick from the doctors, and refused to go to the hospitals, and assaulted both doctors and nurses, and threatened to burn the city and poison the wells. They believed every old superstition, and trusted their incantations and vile, filthy remedies. The influences of the clean and helpful civilization in which they had lived for half a century, but which did not concern itself much about their religious enlightenment, vanished in one hour. There remained only hatred for the foreigners and the undis-

puted reign of Satan. No human power can save this people. Only the almighty grace of God, that can create anew the elements and energies of a moral nature, can make them moral and trustworthy for the uses of civilization.

Family Tie. The one virtue in the Chinese character that has survived these long centuries of oppression and superstition that keeps society from utter dissolution, and the State from annihilation, is the family tie.

The family tie begins with the devotion of children, strengthens with every year of natural life, and extends to the worlds out of sight, in an absorbing worship of parents and ancestors. There is no limit to the thoroughness and cruelty with which *penalty is inflicted upon a child that kills his father.* In Foochow I saw the traces of this penalty upon a young man who had killed his father with a hoe as they worked in the field. The officers chained him to a post in the execution place, and compelled his mother to cut out the first piece from his breast. Then they hacked him slowly into small pieces till there was only a heap of refuse at the foot of the stake. Then they executed the mother for having such a

son, and the neighbors living next on either side for having such a neighborhood. Next the officer, like a policeman, whose duty it was to keep order in that beat, was executed. The officer above him, like our sheriff, was banished. The Tawtai, or governor, of the district was removed from office. Then they burned down the house in which the man had lived, and dug up the ground under it to the depth of two feet, and carted the dirt off, and dumped it into the river. They intended to wipe out that wickedness so it could not spread.

Emphasis placed upon the Family.

The family is the unit in the State. The entire family is responsible for the conduct of each member. There is a mortgage of ancient and constant custom, an unwritten law, that makes the family responsible for the debts of the father. There is only one way to discharge a debt in China, and that is to pay it. It follows the family like an avenging spirit, not to the third or fourth generation, but forever till it is paid. The family must take care of its own poor. One man thrives, the indolent and thriftless live on him. He must employ them even to the exclusion of competent service, and often even to the ruin of his business.

This family feeling widens a little, reaching neighborhoods and clans, but fails to strengthen the Empire. The family tie is the chief virtue planted in the Garden of Eden that has survived all the migrations, and all the changes in dynasty, and all the centuries. It absorbs all the natural vigor of patriotism and all the supernatural inspiration of religion. Its roots entwine the earth, and its branches embrace the heavens.

Colonizing Power.

Another element of strength in the Chinaman is his colonizing power. He crosses all seas and burrows into all continents. He surpasses the Saxon in ability to toil in all climates. He matches the Russian in enduring Arctic storms, and surpasses the Negro in working in the tropics. He is the one cosmopolitan, at home everywhere, as if he owned the world. Silent, gentle, submissive, industrious, economical, temperate, all-enduring, he thrives everywhere,—on the mountains, in the deserts, on the plains, in the islands. As the serpent, with his one ability to crawl, competes in various fields, without fins swims with the fish, without hands climbs with the monkey, and without feet runs with the horse, so the Chinaman, with his one abil-

ity of adaptation, competes successfully with the sailor on the sea, and with the frontiersman in the wilderness, and with the miner under the earth, and with the exile in wanderings. He does not ask for a fair chance. He asks only for a chance, so does not try to crowd anybody. Once landed, he abides. The individual changes, but the kind continues. A human microbe, he multiplies. Not being a politician, all governments that let him alone suit him. He never breeds nor joins revolutions abroad. Not being a specialist, all industries with a possible margin attract him. He never boycotts any trade. Not being ambitious, except for more cash, all social orders that pay for services are equally satisfactory to him. He is pleasing to the greatest variety of women. He marries through the widest range of races. Like a mongoose, he can run through any passageway. Though fond of a palace, he can live in a closet, and make a home anywhere. As gravity draws all rivers along the lines of least resistance, so his instinct for gain draws him along lines where there is the least waste of energy. He is the supreme colonizer.

All countries are his,—Siberia, India, Bur-

mah, Australia, all the Americas, including the Philippines. All the islands of the seas are his homes. He has the largest colonies here and there on the earth, even larger than the English colony in Buenos Aires. In the Malay Straits he far outnumbers the Malays. In Siam he is nearly three millions strong, one-third the entire population of that kingdom. But for the fact that he could not vote in America, and so left the politicians to oppose him in the interest of those who could vote, he might have been to-day ten millions strong under our flag. It took all the venom of local prejudices and all the power of the General Government to check this silent, creeping, ever-pressing tide.

In his wide wanderings he is a *factor* wherever he lives. He owns and manages great steamship lines, banks, factories, mines, plantations, mercantile establishments, great corporations in the English colony of Hong-Kong, in Japan, in Singapore, in India, in Burmah, in Siam. He is a constant menace to the laborer in every labor market of the world.

You find over China statues of scholars, and

statesmen, and philosophers, and literary men, but not often of soldiers. He has no military spirit, yet he has courage when he is well drilled, commanded, and paid. There are rare instances of heroism. Some men have volunteered as substitutes to be executed. He believes in strategy, not arms. He fights behind walls, like a cornered rat; but before an assault he runs like an antelope. This spirit has made it possible to live in the same world with him. When he shall find a good drill-master, and an able commander, and prompt care when wounded, and certain pay for service, he will be a splendid soldier. Russia can furnish all these lacking requisites. England sent a drill-sergeant up the Nile into the sands of Egypt to the water-carrying fellahs, and Europe and Asia were surprised to see these recruits fight like ancient Greeks. Anything the Egyptian can do, the Chinaman can do. What England has done for Egypt, Russia can do for China.

The Chinaman not a Soldier.

The greatest modern Chinese statesman, Wensiang, often said to foreign diplomats: "You are all too anxious to wake us and start us on a new road, and you will do it; but you

will all regret it; for, once waking and started, we shall go fast and far, farther than you think, and much faster than you want."

Which Way is China Going?

Which way is China going? In recent years she has lost two-thirds of her territory, though only one-twelfth of her population. Yet there remain fifteen hundred thousand square miles of land, an immense block of available land, and three hundred and fifty millions of people. She may change dynasties, she may come under the control of some foreign power; but she will not cease to be. She will not be wiped out. Like the king in a chess-game, she may be checkmated, but she can not be removed from the board. Some pawn or knight, some Japanese or Muscovite, will cover her exposure and continue the game. Her very numbers is God's promise of perpetuity. The Yellow Race will remain the menace of the world. It lies on the shore of Asia, a huge club, only waiting to be picked up by some Hercules. China is the world's problem for the twentieth century. Who will seize this club?

Russia the Coming Power.

We are up against an inexorable proposition. As we peer into the mists that veil the future, coming events cast their shadows

toward us. There is a huge figure approaching. It has a fur cloak over its shoulders and a club in its hands. It may be the coming Hercules. Looking more closely it is a Bear, the Bear that walks like a man. After our experiences during the Civil War, when the Czar sent his fleet to New York and San Francisco to defend us against intervention, it is difficult for us to fear the Bear or refuse him anything. It was a crisis in our history. We were struggling nearly up to the limit of our abilities. Everything seemed to be going against us. We had had a long series of defeats. The great States were going wrong at the polls. France was setting up a monarchy in Mexico on our very border. England was buying Confederate bonds, and many of our people were rejoicing that the "world was to be rid of a dangerous Republic." The courage of the soldier in the field was taxed to the utmost, and the patriotism of the citizen at home held on at the hardest in the gloom and the darkness. It was the most critical hour in the history of the Republic. The emperor of the French sent a plenipotentiary to the Czar, asking him to unite with France and England to break the blockade, and recognize the Con-

federacy, and end the war. The Czar asked him if that was all he wanted. The French plenipotentiary, seeing that the Czar was not attracted to the plan, said: "No, not all. If Your Majesty is not willing to unite with us in this expedition, we ask that you will agree to keep your hands off." The Czar said: "The United States is my friend, and has been the friend of my fathers always. I can not unite with you in your enterprise. Tell your master Napoleon that if either France or England, or both combined, shall undertake that enterprise, then every warship and soldier of Russia is at the disposal of the United States;" and as the little Frenchman was bowing himself out the Czar said: "Wait a moment; in order that there may be no misunderstanding about the matter, tell your master Napoleon that I issue my orders to-night, and my warships start at once for the harbors of New York and San Francisco." There is no computing what this was worth to us, and it does not become us to forget this or be dead to gratitude. Yet we must recognize facts. It is a Bear standing on the trail. His posture does not change his nature. If Russia appropriates and assimilates China, we are

face to face with the most powerful Empire ever known among men. The world problem is this: Shall Russia be allowed to absorb China? This problem is full of dragon's teeth, teeth enough to seed down the world with century-long strifes.

Russia Already Great.

Russia is great. She has one hundred and sixty-five million people, and eight million, six hundred and seventy thousand square miles of land. The mass of her people are stout and solid, inured to hardship, economical, able to live as cheaply as Chinamen. They are ignorant and superstitious, zealous followers of the Czar, taking his word as final and almost divine. Such is the Russian peasant in history. Such is he to-day. It will take generations of common schools, or the rude shocks of bloody battles and humiliating defeats, to break the enchantment of the *"Little Father," the Czar.* One block of land, from the Polar Sea to Persia, and from the Baltic to Korea, with no intervening sections of hostile or even neutral territory,—infantry could march over these wide zones without touching foreign soil.

Russia can not be subjugated. She needs only to retreat into certain of her climates

to destroy all pursuers. Even the genius of Napoleon could not survive her neglect as far south as Moscow. She can march against any foe at her own sweet will. If she wins, she can absorb the conquered territory to pay the expenses. If she fails, she has only to retreat, wait, recuperate, and try again.

Russia Incapable of Subjugation by Her Climates.

The State, as distinguished from the country, means the Czar. He is the State. His wealth surpasses that of any other man's wealth. Money is more than ever before the sinews of war. The ancient David might slay Goliath, and scatter the Philistines with a sling and a smooth pebble from a common brook, not worth more than a Chinese cash, one-eighteenth of a cent; but the modern David who could defend his country or extend her borders must have steel ships and twenty-four-inch guns. It costs $800 or $1,000 now to hurl one pebble from some of our modern slings. Money is the sinews of war. It takes a key of gold to unlock the gate of empire. The Czar is very rich; has money almost without limit. His unmortgaged income approaches $1,000,000,000 a year, and would maintain perpetually a war as great as the late English South African War. The

debt of Russia is $3,311,000,000. Great as it seems, it is less than the debt of England or of France. He has vast resources from mines and coal and timber lands. While all other nations, except some of the South American Republic wildernesses, are hunting for and planting and economizing their lumber supply, the Czar has over three hundred million acres of heavy timber. He has income from rents and railroads. He owns twenty-five thousand miles of railroads, and some years is adding to these at the rate of two thousand six hundred miles a year. He has vast income from the liquor trade, which he took into his own hands to control its quality and restrict its sale, and save the peasants from utter destruction. No man can buy liquor on credit. This stops three-fourths of the drinking among the peasants. According to latest reports, his income from all sources exceeded all the expenses of the government by $200,000,000. Out of this he put $47,500,000 into new warships, $21,575,000 into relief for the crop failure, and other millions he poured into increasing the army. In a time of financial depression he was not affected in the least. He pushed his great Siberian Railroad seven

thousand six hundred miles, his Trans-Caspian Railroad, his railroads in Central Asia, in Southern Caucasus, and his railroads down to the frontier of Austria and to the frontier of Germany, just as if he owned all the mines and mints in the world.

This great Siberian Road, purely a political and military enterprise, is destined to change the map of Asia and mold the destiny of China. A great Russian statesman has said, "We shall conquer China by railroads." Now running along the border of China by the thousand miles this road makes it easy to put Russian pressure on China at any point. The Czar has only to close a little these iron fingers on the brain or on the heart or on the throat of China, and his will will be supreme. Knowing this, he has pushed the Siberian Road on to its objective point with all the wisdom of a capitalist and all the energy of a conqueror.

He still has had a large surplus which he applies to the development of Russia's boundless resources. Mr. Ford says in an English engineering magazine: "Mighty canals are being cut, rivers and harbors deepened, arid

regions irrigated, forests cleared, and waste lands reclaimed; cities, villages, and workshops are being built, and colonies are being planted in new localities where modern systems of drainage and agriculture are being introduced."

These improvements are of the highest character; depots, government buildings, opera-houses, public halls, cathedrals, are of the most modern style, and most permanent structures. The advances into new regions and toward possible conquests have all the appearance of permanent occupation. These vast outlays are no spasmodic output. The treasury is never exhausted. The national debt is all the time being regularly reduced fifteen or twenty million dollars a year. New loans are floated, only to pay off old bonds and carry the debt at lower rates. Not a dollar of the recent loans has gone into the treasury for current expenses. Russia has large deposits in English banks. In recent years (A. D. 1890) one of the London banks had to have the support of the Bank of England to help it over a close place. Russia's deposit there was so great that the Bank of England

asked Russia "not to call for her deposit till a certain date, as it would precipitate a financial crisis of the utmost gravity."

Vast Resources. Add to all this the fact that the resources of China are limitless. Coal, iron, copper and oil are produced by the million tons, and their resources are barely scratched. Life-supporting products are created by the hundred million tons. Improved agriculture is pushed upon the farmers. Industries are planted in every direction. Public works open new sources of knowledge and support for large numbers of the peasantry. These new industries are intended to give the peasants higher and varied occupations. They are practical schools to elevate their grade of intelligence. The Empire covering one-eighth of the earth's surface, and about one-tenth of the world's population, is a vast workshop. Russia is a beehive. The spirit of the great Romanoff family, the greatest family that ever sat on a human throne, inspires all ranks of the people and of the army. They believe implicitly in the Czar. Tell them that such or such is the wish or will of the Czar, and they are quick to do it. Ask a Russian anywhere what is the mission of Rus-

sia, and he will say, "To save the world." Ask a Russian officer where Russia is going, and he will point to China. Their faces are set to the southeast. It is ingrained into the Russian conviction that they are destined to reach the warm sea. It is amazing to think of the vastness of the Czar's power. All the energies of that Empire centralize in him. The strength and momentum of two continents are compressed into him. He is the world's fist.

What Does the Czar Want?

With such a Power rising in Europe and Asia, what is impossible to it? That is the vital question. He must be judged by his history and his environment. His natural and national instinct has been forward to open winter harbors to the warm sea. He has desired the warm sea with a greed many centuries old. This drift is a world movement. It depends neither upon individual men nor upon particular ages. It is not dependent upon any great military genius. It requires only an average ruler, open to the instincts of his people.

Opposition may retard this movement, but it can not defeat it. It is a tide lifted by the stars. It is a gulf-stream sweeping onward

by the century, unaffected by State funerals or adverse wars or the flight of time. It is silent, concentrated, perpetual. As the Muir glacier comes out of the Alaskan gorge from thirteen concentrated, converged gorges, spurring and pushing each other forward till the advance along the main axis of movement is often visible to the careful observer, so this Russian political glacier comes out of all the converging convictions of the Empire, pushes straight on by a resistless grind toward the warm sea, and it must succeed. It is a world grind, and only God can stop it. Russia will ultimately reach warm water, *but she must not absorb China.*

Can China Resist Russia?

Can the drift of recent years answer whether China can resist Russia. China has recently lost Siam, Burmah, Annam, Tibet, Mongolia, Tongking, Formosa, and Korea. These are China's tracks, toes in toward Peking, away from the narrowing frontier. It is not thinkable that she should now arise and reverse her direction and her history in a struggle against her overshadowing master. Russia's advances are as marked as China's losses. Russia has transformed the map of Asia into a series of Russian plateaus,

marking the mighty strides of Russia's progress. Look at them: The Urals, Western Siberia, Eastern Siberia, Baikalia, Kamchatka, the Amur, the Steppe, Khiva, Turkestan, the Merr Oasis, Bokhara, Samarkand,—these are Russia's footprints, heels toward St. Petersburg, toes toward the extending frontier, marking her strides over Asia. Meantime her naval base drifts south, tack by tack, Petropaulafsk, Nikolasefsk, Vladivostok, Port Arthur.

To Will is to Achieve.

She moves as if she had only to pick out of everything whatever she wants. Is it Siberia? She takes it. Is it Central Asia? She takes it. Is it Persia? She runs her railroads to the Persian Gulf and takes the Persian commerce, knowing that where Persia's heart is, there will she be also. Does she want Mongolia? She has only to say the word. The iron net is fully spread. Does she want Tibet? She already has her hand stretched under the limb to catch it when she wishes to jar the tree. Her railroad runs seven thousand six hundred miles from the Baltic to the Yellow Sea, and a branch is already creeping up to the Great Wall almost within cannon-shot of Peking. With her railroad stations skirting

the Chinese border for three thousand miles, and thickly set with forts, and with her navy nosing out to the Yellow Sea, she will become the only friend of China whose advice must ultimately be taken.

The northern half of China, all north of the Yellow River, and possibly down to the Yang-tse, will finally become her vassal. She intends that her railroads shall not only thread Manchuria, but all North China. The commerce of that great Empire will then become exclusively Russian. Differential rates on her railroads will neutralize the "most favored nation" clause of the treaties. Without firing a single shot, or taking a single step worthy of international consideration, with only the pressure Russia knows so well how to exercise, China seems likely to be brought under the absolute control of Russia. With a navy, now only second in rank and rapidly increasing, much larger than ours, a navy such as Russia can easily put upon the Yellow Sea and on the Pacific, and with vast armies, within easy reach, there will be no Power able to dispute her advance or countermand her orders.

Russia attracts China. Russia is largely

Asiatic, all Asiatic except a little European light let in through St. Petersburg, the window which Peter the Great opened into Europe. Russia is Asiatic. Napoleon said, "Scratch a Russian, and you have a Tartar." She has the Asiatic ability to smile, and lie, and wait. She has no value on time. She hates haste. She has the soft, complacent, smiling, treacherous face of all Asiatics. She understands and suits China. She yields and presses, and waits and holds on. She is only another arm of the same octopus. So China, repelled by and hating the Saxon straightforward integrity and haste, naturally sinks back into the embrace of Russia. Her four hundred millions, drilled and paid and commanded by Russian officers, can furnish armies without number, and inferior to none. *China Gravitates Toward Russia.*

Russia has supreme organizing and absorbing power; a hundred nations and tribes have been dissolved in this sea, and never one has ever been precipitated. The vast industrial possibilities of China, reached by steam and electricity over waterways and railways, projected and owned and managed by Russians, will make her as dangerous in the labor mar-

kets of the world as on the battlefields. Russia does not want a military conquest if she can avoid it. She will avoid all beyond the near presence of her armies and threats. She wants China for the sake of her incipient, and possibly boundless, commerce. She wants control of those markets now ready for use, as soon as she can reach those thronging millions with proper communication and transportation. It is not Siberia for her own sake she wants, where she has to plant colonies and slowly create trade; she wants Siberia for what lies beyond. It is China, where the population has been waiting by the thousand years for the development of commerce. It is this China Russia would use against the rest of Asia, and against Europe. In Russia's hand China will be a deadly weapon, and make Russia the greatest Empire, ancient or modern.

Russia Wants this Empire as a Weapon Against India.

Establish the Czar's authority in Peking, with a continuous frontier along India, from the Upper Oxus to the Yang-tse basin on much of three sides of that populous Empire, with a home fleet on the Pacific superior to the English fleets projected into those waters, making the transport of English armies im-

possible, with five hundred millions of people whose flesh and blood are cheap obeying his orders, able to drop armies into India without number, unexposed on transports, then the absorption of India will be only a matter of willing. The Russian Empire, then extending from the Polar Sea to the Indian Ocean, and from Germany to the Yellow Sea, covering Asia and much of Europe, and controlling half the human race, will put Europe in greater peril than it ever was in the days of the Mongol Empire in the palmy days of Jenghiz Khan or Timurlane.

Russia is already running her railroads down to the border of Austria, waiting till the Slav and German elements of Austria shall assert themselves upon the near death of Franz Joseph, the present emperor. Then the Czar will be ready to bargain with Germany and take his Slavs in out of anarchy, while William III hovers his Germans. It looks as if the old Bonaparte had the vision of a prophet, when on St. Helena he said, "In a century Europe will be all Republican or Slav;" and again he said, "If a Czar, brave, hardy, gifted with warlike qualities, mount the Russian throne, he will be able to conquer all Europe."

This is not a dream. The Czar, as ruler of Asia, can do much towards transforming the Pacific Ocean into a Russian harbor or highway. In peace, by high duties and differential rates over her railroads, he can close all the vast markets of Asia against all non-Russian products, as he is doing to-day wherever his double-headed eagles float. He stops at no half-way measures. He seeks the accomplishment of his own will with the celerity of ambition, and with the merciless thoroughness of fanaticism. The Czar is accumulating and marshaling mighty forces, and is confident that he can absorb China, and later India and the rest of Asia. He means to reach the warm Pacific. *But he must not absorb China. The Powers must resist him, and set limits and bounds to his ambition and to his Empire.* To-night while I speak I hear newsboys crying: "The strained relations between China and Japan are likely to break. Japan threatens to take the initiative." If this strife comes, and Japan needs help, she must have the moral support of England and America. Ay, I had rather see America make common cause with Japan than see Japan wiped from the map and China absorbed by Russia. *Russia must*

not have China. If the unexpected, and apparently impossible, should happen and Japan should whip Russia and thus control China, we shall face the same Pacific problem in another form; viz., Japan and China, instead of Russia and China. When this proximate strife is over, whichever way it goes, I fear most the combination of all Asia against the English-speaking race, Saxon and Slav fighting for the commerce of the Pacific and for the balance of power on the whole earth.

The Lines are Being Drawn.

An invisible and Almighty Hand is drawing the lines. The Great Powers are silently wheeling into place. Sooner or later the contest will be joined. Let us catalogue the forces on each side. On one side is Russia, ambitious, seeking more territory, not for a crowded population—for she already has much room to spare—but for strategical positions for future political and military conquests. Rich beyond computation; compact in territory; one immense block, buttressed on the north by the Arctic Ocean, cushioned on the south by soft peoples; stretching across two continents, with little east of her to resist, and everything to allure her, even on to the Pacific, and confronted on

the west only by Germany; with one hundred and forty millions of devoted, warlike subjects, fanatically certain that Russia is ordained of God to conquer both Asia and Europe for the salvation of the world; with a greed for conquest fermented in the blood for many centuries, and with an experience of successful absorptions wide enough to turn the head of the Sphinx,—with all this power concentrated in one unquestioned will, can there be any doubt as to which way Russia will move? On the side of Russia will be found her ally, France, the Don Quixote of the nations, though within a few days France seems to be making friends with England. Turkey must yield to the old-time greed of Russia. So much of Austria as is of Slav origin will join the Slavs. The rest of Europe will not add much to these forces. Italy is a name on the map, but not a fighting power. Spain is a relic. These baptized and unbaptized heathen will soon be able to rally half the human race to one standard.

Against these vast hosts may possibly be gathered the Saxon and Protestant nations. Germany, that old birthplace and cradle of Protestantism; that camp in the heart of Eu-

rope; that race of soldiers; that land of colleges and scholars, and statesmen, and fighters; that nation that sung its way from Berlin to Paris, tramping down all opposing armies as if they were only knocking off the heads of toadstools; that bulwark of Europe against Russia, will give sympathy, and possibly aid. Since the fall of Bismarck, who always courted Russia at the expense of England, it looks as if William III has come to his senses and realizes the danger of the presence of so great and ambitious a neighbor as Russia; as if the faith of his fathers was asserting itself in his convictions; as if the blood of his mother and grandmother, God's most elect lady, Victoria, was working in his veins, and that he is turning the prow of his Ship of State toward the English Channel. When Napoleon was in Berlin he visited the resting-place of Frederick the Great. He picked up Frederick's sword that was lying on his coffin, and carried it away with him. When Unser Fritz went into Paris with Moltke at his back, and met the French commissioners suing for peace, the first thing he said was, "We have come after Frederick's sword." That sword, dropped into the scales in this strife, may tell

Germany.

which way the beam of Fate will sink. Let us hope that Germany will be true to her history and her instincts.

Scandinavia. It is fairly safe to expect sympathy and comfort from Scandinavia. Those sons of the Vikings and of the old pirate chiefs; those sons of the heroes of the Thirty Years' War, who single-handed against all Catholic Europe for a whole generation defended and saved Protestantism and Liberty; these Scandinavians who stood off, and so defeated Peter the Great that after one of his defeats he had the Te Deum sung in the churches, saying, "The time has at last come when three Russians can stand against one Swede: the time will come when we can stand two against one;" these Scandinavians who have a larger per cent of people able to read and write than any other nation anywhere; who, living by their fjords and mountain streams, sing the glad songs of liberty and are as free as any people have ever been in any land or age; these Scandinavians will be true to their history, to their faith, and to their God. They will be found on the right side.

Holland. It may not be too much to rely on help from Holland, that pioneer of religious lib-

erty. Holland was the advance guard of Freedom for two hundred years. She was the discoverer of nearly every great truth out of which republics are made. She discovered, politically the individual man, freedom of conscience, free schools for boys and girls, free press, free libraries, free judges, secret ballot, written constitutional limitations for the ruler, full subpœnas for the witnesses of the accused, and counsel for his defense. Holland endured the tortures of the Duke of Alva without flinching, and resisted the combined forces of the Bourbon family through the long Eighty Years' War. She can never be wanting when she is needed. Japan, suddenly rising into importance, long a nation of sailors and fighters, now in covenant with England, may be counted against her great and ancient enemy, Russia. Her fleets and her armies, her commerce and her industries, her valor and her new life, her geographical position and her ambitions, make her a great factor in the problems of the immediate future. She so regards herself and her mission. Her genius for peaceful achievements is shown in her mounting so quickly to the sec-

Japan.

ond place in the commerce with China, and in the rapidity with which she assumes control of her own new industries. Most of her railroads, started and handled by foreigners, are now exclusively Japanese; not one foreigner is retained with them. Her ancient war power has survived the exchange of the crossbow for the steel cruiser. This is demonstrated by the ease with which she destroyed the naval power of China. It is not strange that she should now regard herself as one of the great Powers, almost the great Power. Count Okuma, ex-Minister for Foreign Affairs, not long ago said in a set speech: "The European Powers are already showing symptoms of decay, and the next century will see their constitutions shattered and their empires in ruins. . . . Who is fit to be their proper successors if not ourselves? . . . The Japanese mind is in every way equal to the European mind. . . . We are become one of the chief Powers of the world, and no Power can engage in any movement without first consulting us. Japan can enter into competition with Europe as the representative of the Oriental races."

In the struggle, England stands as the bulwark of Liberty, and the defender of Christianity, and the strength of Protestantism. Her blood, her history, her faith, her Divine commission, her commerce, and her high leadership, and almost her existence, compel her to meet this crisis before it becomes a destiny. England is born of all the great Northern races. Her island has been a fort for the control of the Continent. All the pirates from the high seas, and all the freebooters from the main land, all the ambitious chiefs and all the most fearless adventurers, patriots panting for freedom, and saints praying for ease of conscience, warriors and martyrs marching in the picket-line of the advance guard of human progress, generation after generation, age after age, for many centuries, have crowded into this island fortress, and have contended for a footing and a future. In the death-grapple with fagot and sword they have staggered from shore to shore, baptizing every blade of grass with the blood of their martyrs, and paving every square yard of their island with the bodies of their heroes. They have mingled their blood in their

England.

streams and in their veins, and out of all this strife and agony has come the most virile race known to history.

England a Bank and an Exchange.

She calculates in marble counting-rooms and lives in golden palaces. She does not produce so much as she causes others to produce and then divide. She stretches her arms over all seas and into all continents. She sends her sons into all the mines and forests and harvests of many lands, and they come back with much of the world's wealth. She lives and labors at arm's-length. To be anything she must open her markets and keep up her lines of transportation. The heart of her wealth beats inside her narrow shores, but she must keep her arteries and veins that net the world in safety and health. Let these clog, and heart-failure will end her career.

Her Indian Empire fills many of her coffers and feeds many of her millions. Without it she might still exist, but she would miss many of her luxuries and lose much of her prestige. There have been three great queens of the sea,—Tyre, and Venice, and England. Tyre is only a tradition; Venice is a remnant; England, stripped of India, might be pushed from her place of power. She is forced by her

commerce, and almost for her very existence, to stand at all hazards against the shadow of the returning Mongol Empire. She can not allow Russia to rule Asia.

England's faith is her soul. This is the power that gave her leadership and her destiny. She stands for all that is dear in freedom and all that is sacred in religion. Her Westminster Abbey gives her the stately pageant of her history and the pride of her great families. But her Smithfield, where her martyrs, for the sake of the truth, defied the stake and the fagot, is the center of her power and of her glory. The ashes from that sacred spot have been carried by the waves and by the winds to all shores and over all lands, where they have sprung up in free institutions and prosperous peace. Nearly all her great families know what Protestantism cost and what made Smithfield resistless. While the memories of these historic sacrifices touch a chord in the hearts of freemen, and England stands for the open Bible, she can never innocently or safely hand over Asia to baptized and unbaptized heathenism. Wherever the power of Russia reaches, there mission work in the past has been perilous, and almost impossible.

But wherever the Union Jack is unfurled, there the Bible is wide open and religious teaching is protected and safe. If England surrenders Asia to Russia, she gives a new lease of life to heathenism, and postpones the triumph of the Cross for from two to ten centuries. She surrenders her scepter, and passes into obscurity, uncrowned and unhonored. We still hope that England can never retreat. Like the Old Guard at Waterloo, England can die, but she can never surrender. She fought France for three hundred years with varying fortunes, but these strifes gave her Marlborough and Nelson and Wellington, and created her Empire. Surely she can afford to fight Russia twice that time, if necessary, to maintain her supremacy and perpetuate her Empire.

Another Factor.

This argument, like John's locusts and scorpions in the Book of Revelation, has its sting in its tail. That other factor is the United States, our ambitious, aggressive, confident, powerful, dear, sweet selves. Nearly every interest we have is involved in the solution of this Chinese question. We are drifting in this political gulf-stream. We are an Asiatic Power. Russia ruling Asia may transform

the Pacific into a Russian harbor or highway, a roadstead across which Saxon and Slav will struggle. In peace the Czar can close half the markets of the world against us, and we shall find the cheap labor of all the world competing in our markets. Our labor will be depressed as never before. A small per cent of our possible appliances can glut all the markets then left open to us.

In war the Czar will be a colossal peril to every nation having a Pacific exposure. This is not a dream. It is a situation, already within the field of vision. Napoleon saw it a century ago; Lord Palmerston saw it half a century ago; we ought to be able to see it now. It does not menace us *because* we have a Pacific Archipelago in Far Eastern waters. It menaces us *because* we have a Pacific frontage. When we bought the Northwest Territories from Napoleon, and shoved the prows of our commerce into the Pacific, we gave hostages to Asia. With our inheritance comes our new peril.

As long ago as the time of Mr. Lincoln's administration his voice was strong enough to revolutionize the policy of Japan. An ancient edict against Christianity ordered the

suppression of the "evil sect." The revolutions in the sixties encouraged native Christians to confess their faith. The Mikado ordered their extirpation. Mr. Lincoln sent word to the Mikado that his edict was offensive to the United States; . . . that it conflicted with the Treaty of 1858; that it conflicted with toleration in the civilized world; and that "the United States can not acquiesce in or submit to the Mikado's proclamation." The Minister was instructed to "proceed with firmness and without practicing injurious hesitation, or accepting any abasing compromises." Japan accepted the doctrines, and stopped the persecution. We are an Asiatic Power.

The diplomacy of President McKinley in Peking concerning the Boxer troubles was the determining element in the adjustment. The three points urged by McKinley were: First, that it was not a war, but a riot, and therefore, retaining the Chinese Minister, he thus kept fifteen of the eighteen provinces out of the strife; second, that the integrity of China must be maintained, thus preserving the "Open Door;" and, third, that damages should be settled by a lump sum, thus pre-

venting the seizure of territory by any individual Power. The Powers came finally to these contentions. The United States sat at the head of the table in fixing the affairs of Asia. We are an Asiatic Power.

We have more at stake than any other nation. The Isthmian Canal will bring all our cities into close trade relations with Asia. The vast multitude of Asia must come our way, either to trade with us or with Europe. What a future rises before us! The great cities of the Atlantic Coast from Portland to New Orleans have all been built by the commerce from little Europe. What, then, shall we say of the cities to be built on our Pacific Coast? Ten times the people, soon to be Christian and civilized, with the wants of civilization, will soon change the face of our Continent. To-day we face Europe. To-morrow we shall face Asia. To-day San Francisco's harbor is our back door. To-morrow the Golden Gate will be our front door, and Europe will be behind us. Much of the largest part of our wealth will soon be west of the Mississippi. Our great cities and forts will be on the Pacific. A thousand million people crowding in will tramp the high-

ways into pavements. By the side of their trails vast cities must spring up. Cheap power will soon lift and carry and distribute the waters of the great mountain regions till all those deserts shall blossom like gardens. The most desirable climate, the richest and deepest soil, the accumulated nutrition of ages heaped upon those sage-brush plains, easily irrigated, there will be found a thousand million people crowding these plains like the old valley of the Nile. What a city San Francisco must be! With no port near her, with a coast-range preventing any other natural entrance for hundreds of miles, with those long granite arms reaching up and down the coast to gather into that most capacious harbor the countless ships freighted from populous Asia, —with all these helps and stimulants, the world's greatest metropolis will be built by the Golden Gate. We have more interests exposed to the Pacific storms than any other nation. We ought not to sit idly by while our destiny, like the Savior's seamless garment, is being gambled for before our very eyes. If necessary, we ought to join Japan rather than give Japan and China to Russia.

The strife of all times will be to decide

whether the commerce of the Pacific, which will be the bulk of the world's commerce, which will mean the dominating power of the world, shall be Russian or American; whether the Pacific with its interests shall be Slav or Saxon, shall be for absolutism or liberty. *We Shall Confront Russia.*

Almost in spite of ourselves, certainly by no planning of our own, we are being put in shape for this struggle. Our decks are being cleared for action.

Hawaii is the one only and supreme strategical point in all the wide Pacific for the defense of our coast that has come to us at the right time. It is the only point where a hostile coaling station would be dangerous to us. From Alaska to the Isthmus, from America to Japan, this is the only spot where coal and water could be obtained. Four times it has been held by foreign Powers. Once we rejected it when offered to us. Some Power wiser than our statesmen wanted us to have it, so it floated back to us with its Pearl Harbor. Now we want it. Never again will it be tumbled about the public market. *Hawaii.*

On the other side we have the Philippines, stretched along the coast of Asia. They are the very doorkeepers of Asia. A hand reach- *Philippines.*

ing out from Manila can put a finger or thumb on the principal ports of China, Japan, Korea, Siam, and Annam. If the nails on those fingers are battle-ships, they can easily throttle those thoroughfares of commerce. We did not want the Philippines; but now nobody else can have them. When Dewey took Manila a great Chinaman said, "This is the salvation of China; she will not be partitioned."

Russia sold us eighteen thousand miles of North American coast-line. Secretary Seward asked the Russian Minister, "How much do we owe you for sending your war-ships to New York and San Francisco?" The Russian answered: "We can not put in a bill. Our relations with England are always strained. It cost us $7,200,000. There is Alaska. We do not count it worth anything. Give us $7,200,000 for Alaska and we will call it square." Seward accepted the offer, and told the senators, "This is a bill we must pay if we have to sell our shirts to raise the money." Thus Alaska dropped into our hands. We did not want it; but now we mean to keep it. No double-headed eagle must ever again light on this Continent.

France sold us another stretch of Pacific Coast for $15,000,000, and now there is not enough money in France to buy it back, nor Frenchmen enough in the world to take it from us. We are being prepared for the coming strife. Our decks are being cleared.

The struggle is between the Far East and the Far West. It is a grapple of civilizations. Let us hope that all Protestant nations and Japan—just protesting against nearly everything—will stand together, and present such a solid front that Russia, even though hoping to rule all Asia, may hesitate to disturb the peace, and be compelled to resort to her lifelong policy of delay and diplomacy and pressure, and thus make room for better agencies than the sword, and time for better principles to obtain the mastery. Sooner or later Russia will reach the warm sea; but she must not have all Asia. She must be checked and held where she is by the Powers till China is Christianized in principles and civilized in fact. The great Protestant nations may use diplomacy to gain time. The last forty years civilized Japan and prepared her to join England on the side of freedom in the combinations against Russia. Seventy-five years more

may so transform China as to make her an ally instead of an enemy. Sir Robert Hart regards "China as a menace to the civilized world," and suggests only two remedies,—First, the partition of the Empire among the Powers, a course embarrassed by many difficulties; second, the miraculous spread of Christianity, a not impossible but scarcely to be hoped-for religious triumph, which would convert China into the friendliest of friendly Powers." We are confronting a crisis. Once in the rapids, the current is swift and the cataract is near and inevitable. When a falling man has slid from a high roof we say, "He is a dead man!" though he has not struck the pavement. The forces are liberated that will kill him.

With Russia actually occupying Manchuria and fortifying Vladivostok and Port Arthur, with her Siberian railroad finished to warm water, the crisis is actually upon us. There is no time to waste. Our Isthmian Canal at sea-level should be pushed as Russia has pushed her railroads. Our navy, now third in rank, must be brought up speedily to the first rank, and we must hold ourselves ready to master and hold the Pacific. Saxon and Slav are running to get in. The Pacific is the fort. Who-

ever gets in, masters the world and stamps the world. It must be free, or despotic for centuries.

If the storm breaks upon the world too suddenly, and all the other Powers stand back and leave the contest to the English-speaking peoples, we even then can defend our rights, save the world from Russian absolutism, and meet the high obligation thrust upon us by a friendly Providence, provided that we understand that the strife is like the old tolke-knife strife of the Swedes, where the contestants are bound together by a rope around their waists, are armed with a stout knife, and fight to the finish, a mortal strife; provided that we understand its decisive character, and have but one argument, and that war to the bitter end; that we have but one plan, and that victory or death; that we have but one purpose, and that the absolute control of the Pacific, cost what it may. With such convictions and purpose, we can help Liberty to her last and final triumph, and secure civil and religious freedom for mankind forever.

A wise and sleepless Providence has cared for us, even before our cradles were made, and furnished defenses for our use. About

the great walled cities of China and Japan I have seen the old deep moats to be flooded for defense. So about the great groups of English-speaking peoples and possessions God has dug and flooded His deep and almost impassable moats. Look at them! The United States, Canada, England, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, are protected by God's moats. Some one who fixes the bounds and habitations of the nations inspired and ordered these Colonies and States and Empires. The channel and the tempest did most to destroy the Spanish Armada. So God has made ready His channels and can easily cut the leashes of storm and tempest about these centers of English-speaking peoples, these homes of liberty and Christianity. It is for us merely to use the defenses offered us. This Isthmian Canal, that last possible revolution in the geography of the world, must be put through. We must have a great navy that can offset any navy created by Russia, and so practically neutralize the tens of millions of soldiers possible to Asia.

Another Duty. Our remaining duty is the enlistment and marshaling of forces that surpass all other forces in the field, *the spiritual forces*

of God's Government and Providence. How can I enter this field? Who can venture into the war counsel of the Almighty? God's heart is fixed and His mind is set. He says: "O that there were such an heart in you that you would hear My voice! How can I give you up? The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ." "Nevertheless I will be inquired of by the house of Israel to do these things."

God Waits for the Prayer of Israel.

We must work and use the human agencies, but the victory comes only from God. When we have come to our limit, God comes in. Our extremity is God's opportunity. Paul may plant and Apollos water, but it is God that giveth the increase.

Prayer.

It is borne in upon me to say to these workers that the time for prayer, agonizing prayer, sacrificing prayer has come. We are only playing with this matter of saving the world. We, as a Church, have not yet straightened our traces on this load. During the Civil War we gave in money and in our credit as a nation, an average of one hundred dollars a year for each man, woman and child to re-establish this Government and give freedom to three million slaves, whose bodies

only were in bondage. Surely virtue, economy, industry, temperance, honesty, must count for something. We must be up to the average. We gave our pro rata share. Surely if this mission work were upon us with the same burden and pressure and grip, we could give as much in cash and credit for the re-establishment of the blessed Government of our God over a lost and revolted world, and to give freedom to a thousand million helpless ones in the direst bondage of both body and soul. That is not impossible. That means that our Methodist Episcopal Church alone, instead of struggling to raise one million and a half in a year, could raise more than three hundred million dollars a year. I know you stagger as I do at these figures; but we have given this, and if we were near enough to the Son of God to hear the broken-hearted sobs and feel the anguish of Gethsemane; if we were near enough to the chiseled rock of Calvary to hear that agonizing, heart-breaking cry that rent the veil of the temple, and rent the trembling rocks of that bloody summit, and rent the granite doors of death, and echoed through the universe as if the wrath of the Lamb were driving suns and stars from

His presence, that one only cry in all the eternities breaking the infinite heart of God, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!"—if we could really hear that cry, we could easily repeat and surpass these old gifts for the war. Even if we gave only one-third of it, what could not be done with one hundred million of consecrated and holy money? The world's salvation is reduced to a question of dollars and cents. We have the blood of the atonement. We have the resurrected Son of God. We have the Gospel. We have the experience of saving grace. We have the theology. We have hosts of scholarly believers. We have the material agencies, Bibles, presses, steamboats, railroads, translations, grammars, and the open doors of the world,—all the appliances, ready and waiting. All we lack is the money. We have not scratched the surface of our possible giving. God pity us! Jesus pleads. He says: "I emptied Myself of the glory I had with the Father before the worlds were made. I had all the wealth of all the worlds, all the fullness of the Godhead bodily; yet, for your sakes, to save you, to save the world, I exchanged the scepter that swayed over all intelligences for the spikes

of a felon's cross, exchanged the songs of the angels for the hooting of the mob, exchanged the unspeakable glory of the Eternal Court for the gloom of a human sepulcher; for your sakes I became so poor that I had not where to lay My head. Now I call upon you to come after Me, to take up your cross and follow Me, knowing that if any man have not My Spirit he is none of Mine. Come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty!" What is our answer?

Our giving is only sixty cents a year. This is no answer. O, Thou sorrowing and dying Son of God, have mercy upon us! Pour Thy Spirit upon us till we count it all joy to give and sacrifice for Thee, till we understand the fellowship of Thy suffering!

First Need. Our need is mighty prayer, that our eyes may be opened; that our hearts may be opened; that our pockets may be opened. Our day is passing swifter than a weaver's shuttle. It is borne in upon me that the Son of God is weeping over us as He wept over Jerusalem, saying, "How oft would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" May we awake

and pray lest we hear the rest of the sentence, "Behold your house is left unto you desolate!"

We are within reach of Asia. We can crowd our messengers into China and India. God can yet reach those millions. God can yet give us the liberality necessary to reach and save the seven hundred millions of China and India. These lands are still open. God will hear and answer prayer. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary.

There Is Great Russia.

We must pray mightily for Russia. We ought to enter Russia with a great missionary force. There she stands, blocking the door of the future. As I look at her she seems the greatest field, the most inviting field under the stars. One hundred and forty millions of people, not an effete race, the virile and conquering race of all Asia; most of them free from idolatry, with the open Bible in their hands, and observing the forms of Christian worship; most of them within the reach of Christian altars, lacking the spirit of the gospel, lacking the saving power of the gospel, lacking the personal experience of the new life received by faith only in Jesus Christ. Just now, since we last met, the Lord has touched the heart of the Czar, and the doors

of Russia have swung back. The hinges set in bigotry for generations, clogged with the rust of centuries, have moved back, pushed by the hand of God. The Czar has ordered universal religious liberty throughout his wide Empire. God can bring the spirit of the people up to the liberal edict of the Czar. This field, with the open Bible and with open gates, is white and ready for the reapers.

Russia Saved, Asia Is Saved.

There never was such demand for prayer, prayer, mighty prayer for Russia, that God will pour out His Spirit upon Russia and call to the minds of that people the Word which He has spoken to them. He can quicken this Word, now lying dormant in their hearts, and sweep over that Empire in miraculous power. God can raise up some Wesley, who will call the dead Greek Church from its sepulcher, and make it stand on its feet. Our high duty is prayer, prayer, prevailing prayer for Russia; prayer that God will arouse the Powers to preserve the integrity of China; prayer that God will put a bit in the teeth of Russia, saying, "Thus far mayest thou go, and no farther," till vital godliness shall burn in all Russian hearts; prayer that God will show us these fields and make us feel their greatness;

prayer that God will inspire within us the spirit of consecrated, abundant giving up to the limit of our ability; prayer that God may display resistless supernatural power in the miraculous spread of the gospel over China; prayer that the gospel may speedily reach and conquer every caste and family of India; prayer that the Holy Ghost may fall upon all the cold altars and upon all the formal and nominal Christians of all Churches, quickening them into spiritual life; prayer, agonizing prayer, that the command of the Son of God to go into all the world may so sink into every professing Christian's heart, that he can find no rest till he is willing to go or send.

Our God is the living God. He hears and answers prayer. Daniel called upon Him, and the mouths of the lions were closed. He can close the mouth of the Bear.

Elijah, the Tishbite, stood against Ahab, and said: "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years but according to my word." These were heroic words of faith. Such was his faith that the heavens were turned to brass and the earth to drifting dust. This same prophet went up to the top of

Carmel, and cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees, and called upon God for rain. Six times he sent his servant to look toward the sea; but the servant returned, saying, "There is nothing." The heavens were still as brass and the earth as powder. But the old prophet's faith failed not. He held on to God, and sent his servant the seventh time. Then the servant returned and said, "Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea like a man's hand!" Thus Elijah's prayer closed and opened the windows of heaven. His prayer loosed the forces of famine and death, or bound them at his will. The God of Elijah still hears and answers prayer. We must go up into the mount of prayer. Already there is a little cloud over Asia like a man's hand. It is possible to make it a mighty flood. It shall be unto us according to our faith.

This old record bristles with supernatural power from end to end. It is one long demonstration that God hears and answers the cry of His children. There is hardly a page that does not display supernatural answer to prayer clear enough to found and vindicate a supernatural Church. We have not forgotten the

deliverance of the Hebrew children, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. They said: "O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, if you do cast us into the burning fiery furnace, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and He will deliver us from out of thine hand, O king. But if not, even if He does not deliver us, we are worth more to burn than for any other purpose. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." The king was wroth. The furnace was heated seven times more than it was wont to be heated. These men were bound in their coats, their hosen, and their hats, and their other garments, and were cast into the midst of the burning fiery furnace. The strong men that cast these men into the furnace were killed by the flames. But these three men fell down bound into the midst of the burning fiery furnace. Then Nebuchadnezzar was astonished. He said: "Did we not cast these three men bound into the midst of the fire? . . . Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt,

and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God." The king called out, "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, ye servants of the Most High God, come forth and come hither." And the princes, governors, and captains and counselors, saw these men, upon whose bodies the fire had no power, nor was a hair of their head singed, neither were their coats changed, nor the smell of fire had passed on them. (Dan. iii, 16-27.) The king said, "There is no other god that can deliver after this sort." But our God can deliver after this sort. He can do it to-day as easily as in the days of these three Hebrew children. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. If we will call upon Him, and refuse to bow down to the gods of Fear and Doubt, and stand up straight for Him, willing to take whatever comes, the form of the fourth, like unto the Son of God, will walk with us through the kindling fires of this world's empires, and bring us out without our having our garments changed, without having a hair of our head singed, and without the smell of fire upon us. He hears and answers prayer.

Peter was cast into prison and kept for the day of execution. But the little, persecuted

Church in the house of John Mark and his mother, Mary, called upon God, and God heard and said to one of His angels: "There is My servant Peter; thrice He denied Me, but now he is in prison for Me. And the little Church there is praying day and night, and asking Me to deliver him. Go and bring him out of prison, and let him go to the Praying Society yonder in Mary's house." Then the angel went down to the prison, and went into the dungeon where Peter was chained. He needed no key, for He who gave to the iron its cohesion had sent him, and the bolts recognized the authority of their Maker, and slid back before His messenger. He needed no torch, for his face illumined the dungeon as if a sun had risen in it. He smote Peter on the side, and Peter arose, and the chains, manacles, and shackles fell off, and the dungeon door stood aside, and the great gate of the outer wall recognized God's angel and rolled back to let him pass. There is nothing difficult for God when His believing children need Him and ask for His help. He did hear and answer the crying little society in Mary's house, and did miraculously deliver Peter. So He will hear this Methodist Church if

only we call upon Him, and He will deliver His cause from peril. We are at the parting of the ways. We are in the breach. It is for us, by our works and prayer, to decide.

Look at Moses yonder on the mountain pleading for Israel. There on the plains stretches the camp of Israel. In the midst of the camp is an altar and the golden calf. Israel is on her face worshiping the calf, and saying: "These be thy gods, O Israel, that took thee by the hand and led thee out of the house of bondage." God's anger is stirred, and he says to Moses: "Go, get thee down to thy people whom thou hast brought out of Egypt; for, behold, they have corrupted themselves." Moses, poor little Moses, who the other day did not dare to speak even to poor little Pharaoh, now in this hour of destiny stands boldly before his angered God and asks, "Why is Thine anger kindled against Thy people whom *Thou* broughtest out of the land of bondage?" God said, "Let Me alone that Mine anger may wax hot against them." Moses clung to the very vesture of God, and cried, "Where are Thy promises to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob?" God said, as if to buy him off, "I will make of thee a great

people." Moses held fast, crying: "What will the heathen say, that Thou broughtest out Thy people into the wilderness to slay them? If Thy promises to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob fail, blot me out of Thy Book, but spare Israel." The honor of God was touched, and He was held in the grip of heroic sacrifice. He yielded, and Israel was spared. Brothers, what vast responsibilities rest upon us who have the promises of God! If we, as a Church, will rise to the heroism of our crisis, and by believing prayer cry, "O God, have mercy upon us; take our substance according to Thy will, take ourselves for any service, and, if need be, take even our children, but save great Asia, and bring this world into the light and liberty of the gospel!"—if only we will thus pray and give and believe, God will hear us as certainly as he heard Moses. This generation of believers will see the salvation of this generation of sinners, and the kingdoms of this world will become the kingdom of our God and of His Christ.

II.

OUR OPPORTUNITY.

[This subject was assigned to Bishop Fowler by the Open Door Emergency Commission as the keynote for the Cleveland Missionary Convention, held October 21-24, 1902. This was the first great convention held under the auspices of the Open Door Emergency Commission, and was one of the agencies successfully used for awakening the Church on the subject of missions. This address bore its full share of responsibility in that Convention.]

OPPORTUNITY is power. What we *ought* to do we *can* do. When God opens a door before a people, that is His command to them to enter, and His promise to back them to the extent of His resources. This law underlies leadership. History is full of the transfer of power from the theoretical leader to the actual leader. In the critical hour the multitude stands back. Some man, able to see God and read events, steps forward into the breach; other men catch his inspiration, gather about him, obeying his order; the good cause is advanced and buttressed; a new figure appears in history, and a new name is found on the scroll of Honor. Whenever a people sees

God's beckoning hand, and hears His call, and is obedient to the heavenly vision, then they rise to higher levels, take up heavier burdens, achieve greater results, and reap wider harvests for God. But whenever, through fear or selfishness or diversion, they hesitate and doubt, then they see some braver people step to the front and take the place which they might have had.

The Great Doors of the World are not *often swung* wide open. God waited many centuries for a Gutenburg or a Columbus; also many centuries for a Luther or a Wesley. Moreover, the Great Doors do not *stand open before a man or people long unused.* They swing back again. A door opened in the house of Cornelius for Peter to become the Great Apostle to the Gentiles. But Peter feared and turned back toward Judaism, and God called another. He found him on the highway near Damascus, Saul of Tarsus, and sent him "far hence to the Gentiles," and gave him the glory of transforming Christianity from being the religion of a subjugated province at the foot of the Mediterranean to becoming the religion of all races over all lands for all ages.

It is a great thing to have a Great World Door opened before a man or people. France had a high day of opportunity when Protestantism almost reached the throne. Saint Bartholomew's massacre shut the door in her face. She staggered back, through centuries of superstition and ignorance and cruelty, to the Reign of Terror. So great was the crime of Saint Bartholomew's Day that God has not yet forgiven it. Poor France, glorying in Dreyfus trials, lies like an infected tatter on the threshold of the Twentieth Century. It is a fearful thing to have a Great World Door shut against a people. South America saw the Great Open Door when, in the beginning of the last century, the English flag was unfurled over Montevideo at the mouth of the La Platte. She bid fair to be a great free people, with a steady government and the wealth of a Continent in her hands; but treachery, bribery, and crime hauled down that flag and turned that Continent back to the superstition, and slavery, and cruelty, and robbery of Spain. The hand of the inquisitor sealed up the Continent again. It is a fearful thing to have a Great World Door shut against a people.

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side.
. . . . . .
Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt Old Systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne;
Yet that scaffold sways the Future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own."

God has opened the Great Doors of the World to Methodism, and is beckoning her to enter in and possess the kingdom. These Doors open on every side. We can hardly go amiss. The only chance to miss everything is to stand still in our old tracks. I can remember when we were praying God to open the lands of heathenism. This prayer has long since been answered. Now we must pray God to send forth laborers into the field where the harvest is already white. But we are especially called upon to consider the fields recently opened to us, and new openings in old fields which constitute part of the emphasis put upon our attention in these last three or four years.

It is difficult wisely to interpret Providence. God writes in such large characters that few, if any, are able to read and accurately inter

pret what is written. An Indian carried a chip upon which a Plymouth soldier had written a message to his family. It was to him a deep mystery that awed him. He carried it with reverence and holy fear. He could not read and understand what was written. But he saw the marks, and knew that the chip would talk to those who could read the writing. Somewhat in this way we see the purposes of Providence. We can not accurately interpret his writing upon the sky and in events, but we know that something is there recorded. Some time some revelation of Providence will come. It is for us to know that His will is being written. We must study it as carefully as possible, and do our best to follow its indications.

In personal decisions it is a simple rule to follow where things open naturally at the seams. This is nature's order to follow the line of least resistance. When events thrust a land up into the center of the field of vision, it is safe to conclude that we are called to look upon it and inspect it. When a child is dropped into the lap of a family, that is a clear indication that God wants that family to care for that child. When a country is

dropped into the lap of a people, it is safe to conclude that God wants that people to care for that country. The determining elements are three in a righteous cause,—need, acessibility, and ability. Need and accessibility on the part of the people who are to be helped; ability on the part of the people who are to help. When these points are settled, the call is clear; when these three planets are in conjunction, that constitutes a call from Heaven.

If God ever entered into our history from the holding of North America for Protestant Christianity to the present hour, it was when *He dropped the Spanish Colonies of Porto Rico and the Philippines into our lap.* We were perfectly contented with our borders. We were well trained in minding our own business. We had not the slightest idea of ever touching the neighboring islands. We had a great ruler and statesman a generation ago, President Grant, who advised us to buy Cuba and avoid troubles. But we were so bent on avoiding foreign complications that we all cried out against it; all parties vied with each other in abusing him for it. So he said, "If you do not want to provide against trouble, you need not. Only wait." So we

sat down again in our contentment, and never expected to sail out of our home waters. We went into Havana Harbor, and slept, and dreamed of peace, when, all unexpectedly, God shook us up. Just as He said to the old prophet, "What do you here? Wake up! Get up! Go!" so, on that awful 14th of February in 1898, the Spanish touched off a mine under the *Maine,* and we woke up, and got up, and went up. God said, "Up! Go! Everywhere! Stay!" We were blown from Havana to Manila. We hardly knew where we were. Not one in a hundred of our adults even knew where Manila was. Some of us knew that there was some little place where some Manila matting was made. Instead of wanting the Philippines, we hardly knew them when we ran against them on the sea. You remember Mazeppa was bound to a wild horse and turned loose in the desert, and he says:

> "Thus the vain fool who strove to glut
> His rage, refining on my pain,
> Sent me forth to the wilderness,
> Bound, naked, bleeding and alone,
> To pass the desert to a throne."

So the Spaniard "strove to glut his rage," and sent us forth, "bound, naked, bleeding and

alone, to pass the desert to a throne." Thus, as of old, Providence rules and overrules, and makes the wrath of man to praise Him, and restraineth the remainder of His wrath, so that all things work together for good to them that love the Lord; to us, if we love Him and keep His commandment; viz., "Go ye into all the world." If ever man or people had greatness thrust upon them, we have been so treated. The explosion under the *Maine* blew us out of our wornout baby-clothes, blew us up into the whole world, to take up a man's burden and do a man's work. *We were not asked whether we wanted to be born or not.* We were simply projected into being and told to make the most of it. There are but two gates through which we can escape our responsibilities of being: First, back by the way of inactivity and sluggishness, through the gate of imbecility; second, off to one side by the way of suicide, through the gate of crime. We have hold of the great wheel of being; we can not let go; we must go upward and onward. So we were not asked whether we wanted to take these Spanish Colonies or not; we were simply blown up onto the top of the world, and these Colonies were dropped into

our lap, and we are told to make the most of them.

There are but two ways in which we can escape our responsibilities: First, by putting on a fool's cap and going away back and sitting down among the fools, whom Nature dislikes. They always have to take everybody else's dust. Under the great law of nature, only the fittest survive. Second, by committing hara-kari to make room for somebody else to grow strong, using us as a fertilizer. We do not want the fool's cap, nor are we ready to become mere fertilizer. We have not yet exhausted our Divine initial impulse. Our last train has not yet gone, leaving us behind the depot helpless. We are not yet reduced to work out forms and formulas that once embodied the experiences of living, advancing, heroic souls. We are in the early morning of our workday. Our golden sun of opportunity is just rising in the East, in the Far East. Girding on our armor in the vigor of early manhood, we must go forth to conquer.

The Philippines invite us. Yesterday it was a crime to own a Bible or read it, for which heroic men were shot as trait-

ors or banished as enemies of the Established Church. To-day the Bible is free there, under a free flag. The exiles, hearing that there is a new flag over the Philippines, are coming back and crowding our services. In Manila alone eleven thousand prisoners, condemned for offenses not known to Freedom as crimes, have been taken out of the cells and chain-gangs and restored to liberty. Yesterday, under the union of Church and State in the Spanish rule, neither property, nor family, nor life was safe. So bad was the administration, and so cruel the persecution, that religion became fit to be rejected. It is worse to make religion fit to be rejected than it is afterward to reject it. Account for the situation as we may, the fact remains that the most thoroughly hated creatures in the Philippines are the friars. No matter what comes, the Filipinos will not accept the friars. The friars can not return to their churches. Even "Uncle Sam's" bayonets could not make the people tolerate them. An officer asked a prominent man, a Roman Catholic, "How is it that you have so many churches and no priests?" The man said: "We can not bear them; they can not come back. Ten priests

The Philippines.

came back. Where are they? Ten from ten leaves nothing. It would take a standing army to keep them alive here." The Pope and his advisers have made their supreme blunder in the Philippines by keeping the friars there. The islands are now wide open. Multitudes of the people are asking for the simple gospel. The services of a single Sabbath have, in more than one instance, secured a membership of over one hundred communicants, earnest seekers. There are a thousand islands, and millions of people accessible and needy. Their need of the gospel is down to the *famine point.* They are turning toward Methodism by the thousand. They can not go back. *Their past is full of the world's direst spectres.* Fortunes absorbed by a miserly hierarchy, necessities extorted by merciless confessors, families desolated by debauched hypocrites,—these are the spectres that haunt the past of the Filipinos. The return of the old shepherds, the friars, like sending wolves among sheep, is only driving the people to seek a pure and enlightened faith. The world never before furnished a harvest so white for the reapers. The door is

wide open. Our opportunity confronts us; God says, "Give ye them to eat."

On the other hand, here beckons Porto Rico. It is by our side. It is under our flag. It is inhaling our spirit. It is learning our language. It begins to think in English. It is expanding under our freedom. It is growing rich on our capital. It is being strengthened by our youth. It has a past seared into their very flesh by the same branding iron that has marked the Filipinos. They are pushed toward us by a tornado of cruelty. It is for us to open before them the broad welcome of a pure and peaceful gospel. Their six or eight principal cities should be seized by us without a month's delay. Our knowable salvation and joyous personal experience should be within their reach at once. A million people, in a tropical garden sure to overflow with wealth, call to us. Our own sons, who are being carried there by the tides of trade, demand of us churches and altars and Sunday-schools, where they may be nourished and kept in the faith of their fathers. The policy forced upon us by the indifference of our Church, and the emptiness of our missionary

treasury, is a policy of dwarfs and a disgrace to a great people, who could multiply the two or three men we have there by a hundred, and make that island glad with the songs of salvation, if only we would open our eyes to the beckoning hands, and our hearts to the call of God.

Only a Fringe.

Great and inviting and inspiring as are these new fields; vast enough to fire the ambition and inspire the zeal of every valiant soul; vast enough to arouse the energies of any slumbering Church; vast as are these new fields, they are only a narrow fringe on the great unwashed heathenism now spread out before the Church. In India and China more than half the human race are ready for evangelization. If the great heathen masses now upon the hands of the Church should sit down to an ordinary dinner, and all these new ungospeled peoples of Porto Rico and of the Philippines should undertake to wait upon them, there would be more than seven hundred and fifty millions of people that these waiters could never reach. The table, unserved, thickly seated on both sides, would extend across all the continents and over all the seas of the earth. It would reach twice

around the globe itself. These are accessible and inviting. These are open doors. Open doors, did I say? No! Not doors! Not measured openings marked on the edges by gaping hinges! Not doors! Here the very sides of the world are taken off, so that anybody, coming from anywhere, can come to the center. Here, in these uncovered, exposed hundreds of millions, here are our opportunities.

India is under a safe and stable government. India is penetrated in all directions by the modern modes of travel and communication, so that the available service of the missionary is extended to fifteen hundred years in length. He is able to reach in travel, in his thirty years, as many as he could reach without these appliances in fifteen hundred years. India, by a new and ruling people, is permeated with the spirit of a new life and new race, and by her presses and publications she multiplies the power and instruction of her missionaries and teachers a thousand fold, or ten thousand fold. This India, with her hundreds of millions, calls to us. Thousands upon thousands are asking for the Bible, and waiting for the Christian sacraments. In the district of a

single presiding elder fifty-five thousand souls have made personal request for baptism, to whom the Church can not respond, because she can not find the four dollars a month to feed the readers, "the holders up," to teach these people the Word of God. Here is one of our opportunities. Talk about chances to work in the vineyard! Talk about investments that will pay a hundred per cent! If only the Church would open her eyes! This great opportunity, this great whitening harvest, has grown up from the long decades of scattering the seed of the kingdom. She has the right of the Divine call to this field; she has the right of original investment. Her duty is measured only by the measure of her abilities.

These fields must be handled in detail by men who have prayed and toiled over them by the span of their lives, and have given to them the glory of their manhood. I hasten to call your attention to the world's great field—China.

Our Great Field—China.

China is our great opportunity. If God had undertaken to *rivet the attention of the world* upon China, He could not have done more in this vineyard than He has

done. The uninspired human mind can hardly conceive of a solitary additional mark of emphasis. Every startling thing that we can conceive as suited for such a purpose has been substantially paralleled and set forth before our very eyes. Tell the story of this Divine challenge to the world's attention to China in the simplest and most matter-of-fact way, in the plainest prose, and give it to strangers as Homer's "Iliad" and the Old Testament are given to us, and they would say it is a collection of poetical inspirations and ballads sung by wandering minstrels, as some people characterize the epics of Homer; or that it is a collection of myths, as some skeptics characterize the books of Moses. Do you want hoary antiquity to awaken your veneration toward the actors? The principal figure on the stage is the oldest nation of the world, a people that was an ancient people many centuries before there was any Saxon, or Briton, or Gaul, or Goth, or Vandal, or Roman, or Greek; a people that were swarming out of that old hive of the race, Mongolia, and coming down through the Hankow Pass, before Abraham was called, or the Pyramids were built. Do you want long lines of indi-

vidual pedigrees to enrich and make the bluest blood known among men? Here you have individual pedigrees that rise in the ages in unbroken line for more than forty centuries. Do you want veneration for learning? Here you have people that have had competitive literary examinations for office for more than four thousand years, and that can to-day furnish from a single town more than ten thousand competitors for a literary prize. Do you want practical economies and tireless industries? Here you meet a people that can take three crops a year from the same soil and leave it as rich as they found it, and can support in comparative comfort twice as many people to the square mile as are famishing in the valley of the Ganges. Do you want the cumulative interest that inheres in vast numbers of one genus or race under one government? Here you have hosts that far exceed the combined hosts of all the Americans, and all the English, and Scotch, and Irish, and all the Germans of the great German Empire, and all the Russians of the vast Russian Empire, and all the hosts of all the kindgoms of Europe, all put together. Do you want ancient and crowded altars, where immortals

feel after God, if haply they may find Him? Here are faiths old as the race, and single characters worshiped by more people than ever repeated in prayer any other name ever known among men. Surely this Peking tragedy, on the very top of the world, in the very face of the sun, and before the very eyes of every civilized human being, calls the world's attention to China. God Almighty has struck the world with the hammer of His eternal purpose, to awaken us from our lethargy. He is saying, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and see your task, your burden, your opportunity, and your possible glory!" If any event or series of events in known history may be regarded as Providential, surely we are safe in so regarding the recent events in China.

The deep needs of China constitute her strongest claim. As a mother gives her closest attention to her sickest child, turns from her prattling darlings to the one struggling for life in the grip of the fever, feeling that that one needs her most, so the great heart of God yearns most tenderly over China on account of her fierce and threatening maladies, her extreme necessities.

This man in his delirium dismisses his phy-

sicians, drives away his nurses, and pitches his medicine into the sewer. This spasm of energy does not demonstrate that he does not need medicines and nurses and physicians. It rather demonstrates that he has the greatest possible need of them. The worst type of sin, the most perilous condition of the sinner, is that described in the Scriptures as being "seared as with a hot iron." When a man is contented in his depravity, then he has gone beyond the ordinary redemptive agencies. Then God must hasten after him the strongest angels of His afflicting Providence, and strike him where he lives. So it is also with nations, and peoples, and races. China has many signs of this extreme lostness, this seared numbness.

Her conceit and vanity and ignorance shut out the truth, eclipse the Sun of Knowledge, and wall up the gates of Progress. She has been so contented with herself that nothing better could be desired. Her teachers declare her "moral code the best human mind can formulate;" all classes believe this as firmly as we believe in the law of gravitation. It is to them as certain as any law of nature. One of their great emperors, a thousand years ago, said, "The teaching of the Sages is

adapted to the Chinese as water is adapted to fish." The relation of the Chinese to the Sages is that of fish to water: when one dries up, the other dies. It is taught to the people that foreigners come from a remote and barren and narrow corner of the earth, where they can produce neither tea-leaves nor rhubarb. Without tea-leaves they have nothing to drink; without rhubarb they are absolutely unable to digest their food. They spread upon their fans maps of the world in which China covers four-fifths of the fan, and the other fifth is assigned to the English, French, and Mohammedans. Their defenses are strengthened by the wooden shutters in the windows over their city gates, as these are decorated with paintings representing the muzzles of cannon. One sees on the sides of their boats, near the prows, painted eyes. Sitting on the deck of a house-boat, going up the Peiho one day, I let my limbs hang over the side of the boat. They hung over their painted eyes. Soon the boatmen refused to pull because the boat could not see where to go.

The ruling spirit over China is the dragon. It is active in the *Fung Schui;* this means the *Fung Schui.*

spirit of the earth, the sea, and the air. It is the embodiment of all superstition. One of the great departments of government is this department of Fung Schui; it has a great Secretary in Government Council, like the Secretary of State or of War. Its business is to fix upon lucky days for all the movements and actions of the emperor, and of all others down to the poorest coolie; it fixes the places for graves, for houses, for windows, for chimneys, for everything, everywhere. It has a service ramified throughout the Empire. Nothing goes on without the approval of these officers, which is secured by fees. On one of our buildings that once stood in the old Compound in Peking, I saw a short chimney, perhaps ten inches above the roof. It was cut off by the Fung Schui. One of the Fung Schui officers told a man, whose door was just opposite this chimney when it was the size of the other chimneys, that unless that chimney was shortened he would never have any male children. So our people cut down the chimney rather than have it taken down by a mob. This ignorance and superstition is only equaled by their conceit. *They despise and dislike all who are not Chinese.* They do not

want contact with the foreign devils. It was a great triumph of diplomacy when an *embassy was received by China from the United States.* President Polk, in the late forties, sent John W. Davis as our Minister to China, and the President informs "his great and good friend," the emperor, that Mr. Davis is to bear good wishes to him and "be near Your Majesty." It is instructive to know that Mr. Davis was received at Canton, and kept there with all other diplomats, about a thousand miles from Peking. No profane person must ever approach the emperor.

This dislike of all foreigners is equaled by their *utter lack of patriotism,* the religion of the State, and their deadness to public interest. In the war with Japan, torpedoes were placed in the Minn River for the protection of Foochow. When the war was over and the torpedoes were removed, it was found that some one had filled the torpedoes with coal dirt and ashes, and had kept the money furnished for powder. War vessels sent for the defense of Shanghai were found to be useless because the officers had sold off the new cannon and rapid-firing guns, and had substituted wooden guns.

There was pointed out to me a man who had a *contract* to clean out a certain long sewer in Foochow that had long been utterly filled. The officers went to inspect the work. The contractor was required to go through the sewer, entering at one end and coming out at the other. He entered the sewer, and started through it. The officers walked through the street over the sewer, and looked for the man to come out at the other end of the sewer. In a few moments the officers saw him come out. They were satisfied, and paid over the money. They did not observe that it was the contractor's brother who came out of the sewer. The government and officials were beaten, and nobody cared.

Some English officers practicing *on a gunboat* on the Yang-tse, accidentally knocked a hole in the wall of one of the cities along the river. They were alarmed, and asked a mandarin—*i. e.,* an officer, who was on the gunboat with them—how they could settle the matter. They did not care to be dismissed by England. The mandarin said, "That is easy. Settle anything in China with cash." The officers chipped in eight hundred taels, about a thousand dollars, and sent the mandarin

ashore to settle. At night he returned saying, "It is all settled, all right." The officers were pleased. Some time afterward the officers learned that the mandarin called the principal men of the town together, and told them that unless they gave him two thousand taels by four o'clock, he would have their city leveled with the ground. They raised the money, and he returned happy. The deep want of such a people can not be measured. The very foundations of the moral government must be laid in them.

God is the Only Help.

The depravity and lostness of China are far beyond any civilized human conception. Unaided by the Lord, no human faith and ability could handle such a problem. But God's ways are not like our ways. He does not look for our righteousness; He knows that that is filthy rags. He does not feel for our strength; He knows that that is perfect weakness. God simply asks, *Do we need Him?* Our utter helplessness is the prevailing cry that pierces His ear. When we owe ten thousand talents and have nothing to pay, then He is drawn by the magnetism of our lostness, and freely forgives us all. When we are naked and famine-stricken, and look toward

Him, then He meets us afar off, puts upon us the robe and the ring, and hugs us into patrimony and sonship. The most startling cry that ever rang through the universe since the agonizing wail on Mount Calvary is the concentrated cry going up out of the unmeasured need of China. It has the lungs of an almighty want. It pierces the ear of God, and it penetrates the deepest recesses of His aching heart. It drives the tides of His redeeming mercy over the shoreless ocean of His infinite love. It is this bottomless wretchedness of China that extorts the agonizing command from the purple lips of God, "Go ye into all the world."

China's Great Difficulties.

China combines all difficulties. *Christianity* enters a country, challenging every superstition and defying all the false gods. *She has no compromise.* She can not sit down in any Pantheon. Everything must yield to her. When the Ark of the Covenant enters a temple all the idols must fall on their faces and go into fragments. She can not accommodate herself to ancestral worship. While she says, "Honor thy father and thy mother," she can not for one moment tolerate the worship of father and mother. She can

not help support the feasts and theatrical performance for the honor or support of idolatry. She can hardly take a step in any direction that she does not antagonize some superstition. It is not strange that her representatives should soon be marked as enemies to the convictions of the common people. It is only natural that persecution should mark the history of every advance of Christianity. It is to the glory of our mission work in China that China is no exception to this law.

This hostility has been greatly increased by the *assumptions and political ambitions of the Roman Catholic officials.* Their bishops have assumed the rank of princes. They are carried by four bearers dressed like the bearers of high State officials. They demand the same public consideration. They have established in every principal mission center a court for hearing and determining all cases where their members are concerned. The perversity and crookedness of Chinese justice is so marked and general that this extra-territorial jurisdiction seems necessary. The Church naturally secures the services of men best versed in Chinese law to manage these cases. As wild ducks will soon learn the line

near towns where shooting is prohibited, and seek shelter within these lines, so the natives, especially needing immunity from the execution of justice, soon drift into these refuges, and conform to the required ceremonies for the needed immunity. Thus this *imperium in imperio* soon becomes a center of irritation. Officers prevented from punishing criminals come to regard these asylums for criminals as dangerous bandits, menaces to the good order of the State. Thus it happens that, in the settlement of the most alarming extremities to which the Boxer riots brought the Chinese Government, one of the six items insisted upon by the Chinese in the settlement was, that the Christian Churches should not admit to, and retain in their folds, notoriously bad characters. Slow to distinguish between foreigners, as we may be slow to distinguish between the Chinese of different provinces, or between different individual Chinese men, the people looked upon all foreigners as under the same condemnation. The causes of irritation being always present, a possible outburst was always a standing menace.

In the face of all this prolonged irritation came a *pressure from the Great Powers* that

was too heavy not to produce wide results. The greed and aggressiveness of the Powers was urged by most imperative motives, the struggles for supremacy and almost for existence. When your Ohio and Pennsylvania men *laid pig-iron and steel rails down in Liverpool and Berlin and Paris* at a profit, you opened the eyes of the Powers. They must have cheap coal or go to the rear and yield commercial supremacy to the United States. Hence the almost simultaneous rush for the control of the great coal-fields of China. Your furnaces made it hot for China more than did our missionaries. The Boxer troubles were only the foam on the surface of a great undercurrent of mightiest forces. Russia became possessed of Port Arthur, with a sphere of influence embracing Manchuria and reaching well down toward Peking, as an objective point from which the practical supremacy of Russia over China was to be secured. Germany was reaching out over Shantung. France was closing her hands over the three provinces of Kwangsi, Yunnan, and Kweichow, with a greed that stretched far across the Continent to Szechuen. England from Shanghai, where she widened her hold-

ings, extended her sphere of influence up the Yang-tse Valley. Japan, from her footing on the Island of Formosa, counted upon the control of the Fukien Province, which fronted Formosa. Even Italy, with only a germ of possible commerce, wanted Sanmoon Port and the Che-kiang Province. Only one real and suitable port was to be left to China herself. Twenty great railroads, backed by rich concessions and padded with Chinese capital, were projected throughout the Chinese Empire; from the borders of Siberia to the borders of Tibet, and down to the tropical forests of Burmah. Fifteen of the eighteen provincial capitals were thus made tributary to the foreigners. The public and world-wide discussion of "The Partition of China," "The Breaking Up of the Chinese Empire," and such themes, quite extensively translated for Chinese officials and filtered into the Chinese convictions, made a nightmare too heavy and alarming for the continued slumber of the heathen giant. He groaned and rolled on his hard bed, and started to his feet in alarm. He looked about him for some way of escape or defense, for something tangible to strike.

A vast literary *anti-Christian propaganda*

was put in motion, consisting of books, pamphlets, placards, and illustrated sheets called "The Picture Gallery," repeating and multiplying the popular calumnies against the Christians, parodying the doctrines, giving deformed fragments of Brahmanism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and the teachings of the secret sects of China, with a profuseness of vileness in illustration only possible to an imagination steeped in the pollution of sixty centuries of heathen licentiousness. These were multiplied by the million, and given to all who would take them. Printing and circulating them was a work of merit. With these were sent lists and statements of the massacres of Christians, and wild appeals to the people to kill the foreign pig-goat devils, and wipe out the devil's religion. The magazine was widely and deeply laid under the Empire. It only awaited a spark. That spark came from headquarters.

In 1898, three years after the Japanese war, the emperor entered upon a *career of reform,* never surpassed in any country or government, and hardly equaled by the revolutions wrought by Peter the Great in Russia, or by the Emperor of Japan in 1867. The disasters

inflicted by little Japan compelled many advanced men in China to reflect; among them the emperor was awakened to the situation. As the Czar said after the Crimean War, "Russia does not sulk, she meditates;" so the Emperor of China did not sulk, but he meditated. He was profoundly impressed with the antiquated and factitious condition of the Empire. He began a most astonishing series of Imperial Edicts to clear away the effete customs and useless appliances of the government. He forbade all extortion in raising money, and asked for a loan to which no one should subscribe unless he wanted so to invest his money. He asked the viceroy to recommend men the best qualified for foreign ministers, regardless of rank. He started to reorganize the army after the best Western models, and arm them with modern arms. He said: "Our scholars are now without solid practical education; our artisans are without scientific instructors. Does any one think, in our present condition, that he can really say, with any truth, that our men are as well-drilled and as well-led as those of any of the foreign armies, or that we can successfully stand against any of them?" He abolished

the literary essay as the standard for literary examinations. He ordered the establishment of a National University, with colleges in the provinces as feeders. He ordered that Western science should be counted in examination for literary degrees, and foreign teachers were to be employed to teach the sciences. The temples, except those built as memorials, should be kept for schools for the new learning. All this, and the complete revolution of the Empire from the old, obsolete customs to the new practical training, suited to modern times, and more, was promulgated. The nation was surprised and almost breathless. But there was a large minority of the scholars that were ready to welcome the new life. In almost every provincial capital and open port book depots were established for the supply of standard literature; books, educational, scientific and religious, magazines and newspapers, were published and circulated, lectures were delivered, and libraries started. Prejudices were broken down, and hatred was overcome. The movement was leavening the thought and molding the minds of the upper classes. Even in the remote capital of Hsi An Fu books were purchased by all classes,

from the governor to the humblest scholar. The literati embraced the new learning. The aristocracy formed classes, and invited foreigners to give them "the light of their learning." Foreigners were invited to visit the Confucian colleges, and publicly explain the secret of the success and the source of the energy of the Christian nations. The emperor said he was seeking to bring China upon a level with the great Western nations, and asked his people to sympathize with the movement and hear the foreign teachers. Everything was moving forward toward the regeneration of China. Deliverance from the old order and from the old superstitions was at the door. The long campaign of the missionaries seemed about to reach glorious victory. Suddenly we confront the fiercest opposition and most bloody persecution of modern times.

The struggle for the regeneration of China was a part of the Irrepressible Conflict. The great enemy is not dead. He never willingly abandons one inch of his territory. He must be driven back at the hardest, either in the individual heart, or in the field of the world. Every advance of the forces of righteousness awakens Satan's activity. The conquest of the

world is the subjugation of a rebellious province in the moral government. Whenever we see the Church putting on her strength and beauty we must expect to encounter the forces of evil at their worst.

The Scriptures declare this strife against the Powers of Darkness. The Powers of Darkness have long had dominion in this world. It was not all a pretense of the devil when he offered all the glory and power of the kingdoms of this world to the Savior if He would bow down and worship him. The conflict of the ages has been to overthrow him. *Whenever there has been any special movement among the forces of righteousness, there has been special demonstration among the evil forces.*

Demoniacal possessions.

At the time of Moses, when Israel was to be delivered from bondage and the law was to be revealed to them, the priests of the Egyptians wrought wonders in opposition to the miracles of Moses and Aaron. Their rods were changed into serpents like to the rod of Aaron, and they were confounded only when Aaron's serpent swallowed their serpents. The priests of Baal were willing to test authority with Elijah, and surrendered only

when fire came down from heaven in answer to Elijah's prayer. Whenever there has been a special advance in revelation, then the devil has been ready with a counter movement.

In New Testament times demoniacal possessions were common. Everywhere Jesus went He encountered these enemies. They recognized His character and mission. They would cry out, "I know Thee; Thou art the Son of the living God."

At the marked turns in the life of Jesus He had special conflicts with the devil. When He reached the turn in His earthly career, when He went into His divine mission and was entering upon His ministry, then He was led away into the wilderness by the Spirit, to be tempted of the devil.

When His work was well advanced, so He could send out *The Seventy* to preach His presence and power, the disciples returned saying, "Even the devils are subject to us in Thy name." That was a great forward movement,—the powers of the spiritual kingdoms could be handled by men. The Kingdom of Darkness could now be overthrown. Men, mortal men, had become so matured in spirit-

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ual warfare that even the devils must yield to them, must make way for them. Jesus counted that a great victory. He said, "I beheld Satan falling like lightning from heaven." Once when Jesus prayed, "Father, glorify Thy name," then there came a voice from heaven saying: "I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again. . . . Now is the judgment of this world, now shall the prince of this world be cast out." (John xii, 28-31.)

It is the old law, whenever and wherever a great spiritual work is being wrought, there the devil marshals his forces. We have many of us witnessed the same thing. When a thorough work of grace breaks out in a community, there the devil stirs up his emissaries. Something is started to divert the public mind and take the attention and time of people who might otherwise be reached by remedial agencies. When John Wesley's young preachers reported their efforts, he would ask, "Anybody converted?" "No." "Anybody seeking?" "No." "Anybody mad?" "No." "Then you need not go again." When the Church moves in earnest, then Satan bestirs

himself. When you see the devil putting forth great and unusual effort, then know that God's forces are in motion.

When Christianity is introduced into a heathen country with power, then the devil comes to the public attention and men seem to act as if possessed of the devil, act as they did in New Testament times.

When the Baptists went into Burmah, and that remarkable work of grace was started, their missionaries encountered the same opposition; they acted as they did of old when possessed of the devil. *In the Foochow Conference,* when I held it sixteen years ago, there were demonstrations of evil possession similar to those recorded in the New Testament. It had been the greatest year the mission had ever had. I spent two days with interpreters, examining the native preachers concerning these strange phenomena. They corresponded almost exactly with statements of the New Testament. When a case developed to disturb a society or its members, the pastor would call the presiding elder and the official men together to pray over the victim. They would pray in the name of Jesus, and order

the evil spirit to depart, and the spirit would depart, and the victim would be quiet, clothed and in his right mind. I will give one of many cases. A woman, whose husband was an earnest Christian, came with him into the church as a seeker. Her mother died. She wanted a heathen funeral. The husband wanted a Christian funeral. She became violent, smashed up the furniture, and could not be restrained. The man sent for a cousin of the woman. This cousin was a professional wrestler, a man of enormous size and strength. She said to her husband: "I know what you have done; you have sent for my cousin; he is coming, I see him over the mountain. He will be here in about an hour. You see what I will do to him." She was a small woman, not weighing ninety pounds; the wrestler was a giant and trained in rough-and-tumble wrestling. When he came in, she seized him and doubled him up, and threw him out of the house and over the wall. The pastor and official members came together and prayed over her, and ordered the evil spirit out of her, in the name of Jesus, and she was quiet from that hour. It is the irrepressible con-

flict running through all the ages. *The Boxer troubles are only another manifestation of the same old hostility.*

Groups of girls from twelve to twenty, the time when, according to Chinese customs and all common sense, girls need especial seclusion and care, dressed in red throughout, going to the temples to exercise in the Boxers' drill, with low men of the ruder sort, singing their incantations till they are wild, crying "Kill! kill!" and clutching swords and any weapons, and trying to kill anybody within reach,—these groups running from village to village, among an ignorant or superstitious people, are firebrands well calculated to spread the excitement. It is not strange that they proved good instruments for Satan's use. When the Boxers under their excitement had passed through the trance state, they believed themselves invulnerable to sword, or spear, or bullet. This superstitious acceptance of the *supposed supernatural spirit* operated powerfully upon all classes. *Even the Empress Dowager,* in the great Council of her Princes, maintained that these trained Boxers were invulnerable to bullet, or sword, or spear. Prince Yuan said: "Yesterday I saw the

ground before the Legation defenses thickly strewn with dead bodies of their leaders. It is impossible that they are invulnerable." She interrupted him, saying, "The bodies you saw must have been not Boxers, but outlaws." This infection, with such indorsement, spread rapidly. Crime became the instinct. The people, especially the lower classes, had a delirium of cruelty and slaughter. It might be called a general demoniacal possession. Satan reigned supreme. The objective point of his campaign was the death of all Christians and the utter wiping out of all Christianity.

The Reform Edicts made by the Emperor made him the center of a work of righteousness. He was calling about him advance men. The old conservative men were being retired and dismissed. This compacted them about the Empress Dowager. The emperor knew the opposition he had to overcome. He was aware of the machinations of the Empress Dowager. He relied upon one of his generals (Yuan Shik Kai), at the head of twelve thousand five hundred soldiers, who had been drilled by a German master, and were the most reliable of all the soldiers, to keep the Empress Dowager in her palace. But his

general betrayed him. The Empress Dowager assembled her powerful relatives, and demanded the abdication of the emperor.

The aggressions of the powers trying to partition China inspired the conservatives, and gave them powerful arguments, and alarmed the progressive friends of the emperor. In the critical hour he was deserted. The conservatives came to the front. The Empress Dowager seized the emperor's signet ring, the emperor was imprisoned; the advance men were chased out of China or killed; the edicts for reform were neutralized, the enemies of the foreigners were placed in power; the Boxers were encouraged by the Empress Dowager; the missionaries were killed or driven to places of refuge, their native converts were butchered, and the clock of Chinese progress was stopped for a season. But only for a season. As one of the advisers of the emperor, with five noble, able, and patriotic young companions, was seized and executed, he said, "We can easily be slain, but multitudes of others will arise to take our places." The day of their execution, September 28, 1898, will yet be celebrated by the

patriots of redeemed China as the "Day of the Six Martyrs."

The disturbances and Boxer persecutions furnish some most encouraging signs. As the demons, when ordered out of their victims by the Savior, would sometimes tear and wound their victims before coming out, so this delirium of rage indicates the pressure of great spiritual power, that precipitates and intensifies the conflict. Satan, seeing that his reign is short, rages. We can see that the forces of righteousness are neither dead nor sleeping. Already signs of hope are seen in the earth, and streams of light are illumining the Eastern sky. The strong hand of the Christian nations has been felt. As the emperor in a critical and decisive council of the Chinese princes, protesting against the policy of the Empress Dowager and the Conservatives, cried out, "If China is to fight the world, will it not put an end to China?" The greatness of the Powers has been felt. The conviction of the emperor has taken possession of the people; their feelings are greatly changed.

The experiences that followed the Sepoy mutiny may have been repeated. There, be-

fore the war, the lowest servants could insult a foreigner; but after the victories of General Havelock it was impossible to mass enough natives to resist a single squad of British soldiers. Dr. Butler was in the Great Bazaar in Calcutta; it was crowded with throngs of natives. Two British soldiers entered the Bazaar, when the natives fled in utmost terror. In a moment they had all vanished. Half a century has failed to resuscitate the old, insolent spirit. So it is now in China. Before the capture of Peking, the flight of the Imperial family and court, and the punishment of the Boxer leaders, children or coolies were bold to insult foreign pig-goat devils; but now a great change has come over them, a great light has shone in upon those who sat in darkness. Before the fall of the Boxers the word "foreign" was so odious that it had to be taken off from every article of commerce or trade that could not be dispensed with. Foreign drilling had to be called "fine cloth," foreign
Sacrifice. rifles "knobbed guns," foreign matches "quick fire;" foreign things that were indispensable had to be rechristened. After the capture the Chinese were eagerly and ostentatiously seeking and wearing foreign clothes; all classes

learned the military salute; the small children performed it before every one passing by.

There is a still deeper and more abiding influence working among the people of all classes. *The age-long argument of sacrifice,* that has never been unhitched from its legitimate conclusion, results in lifting China to higher levels. It is still true, as in the days of Roman emperors, that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. The lives and deaths of the native Christians were exhibited before men and angels. The native Christians were not considered by the foreign soldiers in Peking as any part of their charge. No provision was made for their protection or safety. True they were butchered at sight everywhere, but the foreign officials did not assume or feel any responsibility for them. The missionaries threw over them their shield, and made room for them in the sacred inclosures of the Legation grounds. It was soon found that they were not like other Chinese. While heathen servants fled on the approach of danger, these men and women staid by their friends. They took their turn by the loopholes with the guns. They stood guard in dangerous places. They toiled in all kinds

of hard service without a murmur. They made the continuance of the defense possible; even the Japanese heartily commended them, and the common soldiers felt that some great change had been wrought in them. It became a general conviction that, unless these had staid within the Legation defenses, none had been saved.

The fidelity of the native Christians is a world-wide wonder. Some servants sent away to places of safety, returned on the eve of a riot, saying simply, "I heard that you were to be attacked to-night, and I thought I ought to be here to help you." When missionaries had been robbed and were destitute, in the midst of murderous enemies, the native Christians would hunt them up and give them what money they had, one saying, "As long as I have anything, of course I will share it with you." A native Baptist Christian in Shansi was taken to see the missionaries die. As they approached their hiding-place, though certain it would cost him his life, he cried out, giving warning to his pastor, and was instantly struck down. The manner in which the native Christians endured torture and met death was a perpetual surprise to their persecutors.

Converts gave the greatest testimony; teacher Lieu, of Fenchou Fu, sat quietly fanning himself as he was expecting the murderers, and he met them and death with a smile.

When the Boxers visited a village they ordered the people to point out the Christians, and this was promptly done to save themselves. The Christians were set off by themselves by heathen neighbors who were either afraid to befriend them or willing to share in the loot. Then the Christians would gather at their little chapels. The Boxers would surround them and press in upon them, and the murderers would offer them life if they would deny Jesus or bow to the idols. There they are, Christians, men, women and children, all crowded together. Look at them. There they stand; the little girls are clinging to their mother; the Boxers bind the father and say, "Deny Jesus or we will kill you." The father shakes his head; the mother cries, "Spare my children." A rough, bloody man, with a knife in his hand, seizes a little girl twelve years old, and tears her away from her mother. She springs for her darling. The man asks, "Will you deny? Will you deny?" She cries, "O Lord Jesus, help; I can not deny."

The brute tramples the little thing under his feet, rips open her body, tears out the still beating heart, crowds it into the mother's mouth, saying, "If you will not deny your Jesus, take that!" The fiends cut and slash the crying children while the parents say, "Lord, help and save." The mother is knocked down and dragged around by the fiends before the helpless husband and father, who prays, "Lord Jesus, receive us while we witness for Thee, Thy humble servants." They bind him to a post and hack away his flesh little by little. He stands before his tortured and murdered family and dies saying, "Lord Jesus, have mercy on them, and help them to see Thee and Thy truth." A single word would have saved his children and his wife and his own life, but he would not utter that word. It was not strange that these persecutors should, as was often done to others, cut out this man's heart and examine it to find the secret of his heroism and devotion.

Jesus Christ is preached in that village, and will be forever; He is there in person; it is not possible for Him to be absent when His heroic children are bearing such testimony and are ascending to the martyr's throne.

Hear Him say, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." I can see Him crowding past the murderers, soothing into numbness the nerves of the little girl and her mates, giving infinite comfort to the mother as she sees Him soothing her darlings; and I see Him steadying the courage of the father as he opens before him and his family heaven and eternal blessedness, and whispers to him, "It is granted unto you and yours to enter into My sufferings, and to make up something of My sufferings that are behind in the world's redemption."

This sacrifice was repeated in China two thousand times during those weeks, while our missionaries were manning the barricades yonder in Peking. *I have thought Jesus was absent from Court those busy weeks,* and His tall and swift angels were busy those weeks, bearing home those blood-washed saints. Those were gala-days in the Home City. I hear the sentinel angels shout, "Here they come with another group;" and the patriarchs, and the prophets, and the apostles, and the martyrs sweep out, as the great gates of the city swing wide open to bid them welcome. I hear Saint John say: "Come, you little chil-

dren; you did not know much of the great studies of the Church on Earth, but you did know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, and you have come up out of great tribulation, and have washed your robes and made them white in the blood of yonder Lamb. Join the great company which no man can number, and enter into the joy of your Lord."

The great argument from these martyrdoms has permeated the Chinese mind to its darkest recesses. The Spirit of God has burned these great sermons into the convictions of all classes. A judgment throne has been set up in each man's conscience. The old systems are weighed in the balance and found wanting. The sentence of the Supreme Judge has doomed the idolatries to death. The conservative leaders have been superseded. The large minorities of progressive scholars and statesmen are asserting themselves. The Empress Dowager, avenged on her personal enemies, relieved of the Boxer leaders, impressed with the nearness and greatness of the Christian nations, surrounded by better advisers, is entering upon the work of reform. She is taking up the rôle of the dethroned emperor.

By edict she has again promulgated many of the great reforms in education. Universities and colleges will be created. Christian men will be sought as teachers. Clubs of scholars will be organized to cultivate and spread Western knowledge. Multitudes are inquiring into the new religion. It is estimated that many, many thousands of Chinese are now earnestly inquiring concerning Christianity. All classes are feeling the great argument that has been made in their presence. The spiritual lethargy of centuries is being disturbed.

These fierce upheavals, that seem to threaten the very existence of society itself, are only the crude displays of spiritual forces. It is an old law asserting itself. The very persecutions that have strengthened the Church in all ages are bearing the richest fruit. China is wide open. By all the breadth of her vast territory; by all the length of her unmeasured antiquity; by all the millions of her uncounted hosts; by all her cruel and bloody superstitions; by all the loathsome abominations of her unregenerated heathenism; by all the anguish of God's Son in yonder Garden, and all His agony on yonder Cross; by all the tides

that sweep across the shoreless sea of God's infinite love, and by the surging sorrows in His aching heart, He calls upon us, saying: "The door is wide open, enter in and possess the land. Lo, I will go with you, and encamp about you, and nothing shall by any means harm you; I am with you always, and will bring you off more than conquerors. O, My America! what have I not done for you! I have saved you from baptized heathenism; I have kept you from the great superstitions; I have lifted you to the very heavens in the widest freedom; I have enriched you with more than half the world's wealth; I have exalted you to the highest seat in the world's great council; I have poured upon you the full light of wisdom till your daughters are the brides of princes, and your sons are the counselors of kings. What more could I do for you? O, My Methodism! I turn to you in this day of opportunity; I have called you out of darkness; I have intrusted you with My most secret wish; I have commissioned you to proclaim a knowable salvation; I have multiplied your numbers beyond all precedent; I have crowded your borders with schools and colleges; I have filled your homes with

scholars and believers; I have thrust upon you the blessings of both earth and heaven; now I turn to you, I call upon you. Arise, put on your strength; follow Me into these wide-open fields. Do not let these doors of opportunity shut in your face. I will go with you, and bring you off more than conquerors. Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in Mine house, and prove Me now if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it. I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy. And it shall come to pass that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

O God, if only Thou canst forgive our unbelief, our stumbling at the greatness and preciousness of Thy promises, our self-indulgence, taking our ease in Zion, our utter lack of sacrifice for the cause for which Thou didst sacrifice Thy Son,—if only Thou canst forgive us all this and all our sins, we will do better, we will gird on the full armor, and follow Thee wherever Thou wilt lead.

III.

THE REFLEX INFLUENCE OF MISSIONS

[A great central meeting of Protestant missionary societies had been held from time to time. In 18— it was determined to have represented then the two great divisions of Protestantism, the Calvinistic and the Arminian branches. Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs was chosen to represent the first, and Bishop Fowler to represent the second. The meeting was held in Carnegie Hall. Bishop Fowler spoke there on "The Reflex Influence of Missions." The address still speaks for itself.]

GOD is an infinite economist. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice. Nature keeps double-entry books. The very hairs of our heads are numbered. There is no rubbish closet in the universe. Her darkroom is a laboratory where evrything is utilized. Every flash of light or of lightning, every puff of steam or of wind, every ounce of gravity or of the magnets, every inch of the falling brook or of the rising tide, every shooting meteor or blazing star, every most distant orb or wildest wandering comet, every spasm of force or throb of power, measures its full

size in results. There is no waste. Here an ounce of coal is consumed in the furnace; but a spark of lightning whispers the old, old story, gladdening a waiting heart behind the world. Nature never takes a penny out of one pocket, without slipping it into another. The universe is full of pockets, and value can never slip away, even into the worn lining. Power, like God, can never die. We may let it slip by us unused; but it will enrich some other worker, carrying his burden, widening his domain in the universe. Here a horse may fall down in the middle of his journey with his pack on his back; but nature does not charge him up to profit and loss. She simply turns her forces upon him, and saves enough material to produce a span of colts. A missionary drops out of the moral forces of this Christian community; but he comes to the surface a whole Christian household among the remedial agencies in the heart of heathenism. No waste. The widest hand that science has yet spread out in the universe is the great law of the *Conservation of Energy*. Let us have the courage to spread it out palm upward toward God.

The most critical tests of this law respond

positively to our careful observation. A coiled spring, imprisoning certain energy, does not waste that energy when the spring is dissolved in acid. Even with our clumsy apparatus we can trace it into results. This soul under the inspiration of God, coiled up in the grip of a great conviction, is dropped into the sea of Paganism. There will come some bubbling to the surface before our natural senses, indicating some hidden disturbance. But more than this, there has been developed an opposite pole of God's great spiritual batteries in His kingdom, and soon the depths of that sea of Paganism begin to throb with light and new life. The power is not wasted. The spiritual energies are conserved.

A problem in modern naval warfare is to cushion the recoil. It is not desirable to kill one's self first in trying to kill one's enemy. This is another application of the great law of the Conservation of Energy. In this cruder form we call it action and reaction. God has projected this law into the spiritual world, and has so cushioned the recoil that every projectile hurled at the enemy drives the ship toward the haven. Thus it is forever more blessed to give than to receive. This law of

the Conservation of Energy, of action and reaction, of compensation, of reflex influence, has its highest manifestation in mission work, the highest work known among mortals. This is the substance of the law; these outer puttings of it are only the shadow. This spiritual substance of the law is the reason, the final cause, of its existence. The outer applications in things, in science, are only the coarse illustrations of the law, invented and ordered simply to reveal and emphasize the original and eternal law, just as the relation of fatherhood among us is a type of the ancient and original idea of the Fatherhood of God.

The Reflex influence of Missions is seen in Commerce.

The reflex influence appears on the *balance sheet* of the races. *All the rivers run into the sea.* The sea exhales an almost imperceptible mist of infinitesimal atoms, which, wafted by the winds, float in the clouds, the argosies of the skies, over the deserts, and unload their cargoes on the wharves, the barren mountain-sides. There the process of distribution is reversed. The atoms of moisture are gathered in Nature's close economy into repositories. Here a little spring comes up to the surface, barely large enough to be visible. It is so small that

the hoof of the passing chamois might trample it out, or a stray sunbeam drink it dry. But there are back of it the everlasting tides of the ocean. The hoof of the wild chamois only gives it a curbing, and the hunting sunbeam only sets a jewel in its bosom. It throbs with the swells of the sea. It overflows its narrow curbing. It creeps over the edge of the summit. It drips past the crags where the eagle has hung her nest. Singing and shouting, it leaps down the mountain-side, rushes out into the valley, crawls through the plain, fructifying a green path beneath the willows; deepening and widening it, it sweeps across the continent, marking the boundaries of empire; carrying on its broad bosom the navies and commerce of the world, it sweeps out into the ocean forever. All rivers run into the sea.

This is a dim shadow of this deeper law operating among the commercial interests of the world. The Christian peoples exhale an almost imperceptible mist of infinitesimal atoms of benevolence, which are wafted by God's Spirit over the moral deserts, and unloaded on the sides of the barren mountains of Paganism. Here and there they touch a

darkened, aching heart, cooling its fever of sin and quenching its fire of passion; gathering a half-formed family, the divine fountain of the Church; uniting these units, these streamlets, into the babbling brook of a praying community. This rushes down the sides of Paganism; joining with other brooks, it sweeps out over the desert of heathenism; leaving behind it the flowers and fruitage of the garden, it carries on its bosom the health and wealth and commerce of the Christian world.

The movement of this divine saving truth has all the *certainty of God's everlasting purpose of redeeming love.* Its every step is a blessing, its every word a treasure, its every breath a benediction. Dropped into a Pagan nation, at first it seems like a lamb among hungry lions. But the lions' mouths are stopped, and in the bottom of the den are found the steps of the Throne. In the midst of the Throne appears a Lamb, as it had been slain. The end is a crown, a scepter, and an everlasting kingdom.

First it is a perception, then a conception, then an idea, then a conviction, then a purpose, then an infection, then a contagion, then

a revolution, then a new civilization. The desert, blooming and fruiting like a garden, fills the ships and storehouses of the world from its waving harvests. Thus the prayer of the believing child and the tears of the faithful missionary increase the commerce of all seas, and appear on the balance sheet of the world.

The greatest demand of capital is security. The first requisite of commerce is peace. England keeps her war-dogs muzzled, because her merchantmen vanish from the sea when these rabies are turned loose. Missions insure friendly coasts. In roaming the high seas, one occasionally encounters "old salts" who decry missionaries as useless, and assert that they *never do any good.* This falsehood is like the cat. You can trample the life out of it, and kill it eight times; still it will squall and scratch. In crossing the Indian Ocean I heard the objections of a sporting traveler who had been tiger-hunting in the jungles about the foothills of the Himalayas. He said: "There are no converts to Christianity in India, no native Christians. I have traveled all over India, and I never saw one." Recalling the question of another, I asked him, "Did

you find any tigers?" He said, "Yes, sir, plenty of them." I said, "You hunted for them, did you not?" He said, "That is what I went for." I said, "I have traveled the length and breadth of India, and I never saw a wild tiger. I did find many native Christians. We find what we hunt for."

I have heard of a skeptical sea-captain who never hesitated to insult missionaries sailing with him. His vessel wrecked among the Friendly Islands, the most unfriendly of cannibal coasts. He and two or three of his crew drifted to the land. He said, "Perhaps it would be better to be drowned than eaten." Timidly they crawled up onto the top of the coast range of bluffs, and looked cautiously over into the valley beyond, when he shouted: "Thank God, there is the spire of a church! The missionaries are here. We will not be eaten."

The celebrated scientist, Charles Darwin, speaking of these objectors and of this work ("Researches in Natural History and Geology") among the Tahitians, says: "They will not remember that human sacrifices or profligacy unparalleled elsewhere, infanticide, bloody wars, have been abolished, and that

dishonesty, intemperance, and licentiousness have been greatly reduced by the introduction of Christianity. In a voyager to forget these things is base ingratitude. Should he be shipwrecked on an unknown coast he will devoutly pray that the missionary may have preceded him." "But," he continues, "it is useless to argue against such reasoners. I believe that, disappointed in not finding the field of licentiousness quite so open as formerly, they will not give credit to a morality which they do not wish to practice." Professor Charles Darwin can hardly be discounted as a religious bigot. I leave these objectors under the sacrificial knife of their own high priest.

In the old Pagan days of the Marshall Islands many a *ship's crew was slaughtered,* leaving no one to tell the story of their deaths. These barbarians, touched by the gospel, have become as brave for the rescue of missionaries. Places noted for piracy have become as noted for Christian zeal. Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been sent to Christian ports saved from wrecks by Christian natives. *President Lincoln sent a reward to Kekela,* a native Christian of the Marquesas Islands, for rescuing a condemned missionary by giv-

ing his new six-oared boat as a ransom to the chief.

The ivory trade in Western Africa was nearly exterminated by the perfidy of the natives. After the missionaries had put in their work the trade revived. It came up with Christianity. Unconverted Pagans seldom tolerate civilized habits and comforts. *European houses* stood unoccupied in Tahiti for years. No natives cared for them till they were converted. Unconverted native women live half nude among Christian women; converted, they seek gowns, bonnets, and shawls.

A *Hottentot boy* dressed like an English gentleman was educated in several languages in India. Returning to his people he threw aside everything but his sword and his necktie, and resumed the habits of the Bush. "It takes more than fine clothes and languages to make a Christian." Natives converted dress themselves; unconverted, they relapse into nudity.

Converted Zulus till level pieces of land with plows and oxen; unconverted Zulus choose steep parts of the hills to be tilled by their wives, while they eat their oxen. Christian nations have made more out of plows sent

to the converted Zulus than it cost to convert them. Some natives in Western Africa have built fine European houses, copying the colonists, but, leaving them unoccupied, continue to live in their huts from depraved choice.

Take the familiar case of the Sandwich Islands. It cost less than $1,200,000 to Christianize the Sandwich Islands. We now have from $5,000,000 to $8,000,000 of commerce, making in net profit annually about as much as the entire cost of Christianizing them. From the South Sea Islands England annually receives ten pounds for every pound she expends there. From Micronesia the United States receives annually more than $40 for each dollar spent on missions there. An immigrant is valued in Washington at $800. Each missionary in the South Sea Islands is worth to England $10,000 each year.

It cost the United States to support the *heathen Dakotas* an average of $120 each per year, while it cost to care for the Christian Dakotas less than $7.80 each per year. Comment is unnecessary. I saw a Digger Indian in the Yosemite Valley, under the civilizing influence of that most sublime scenery, get his breakfast out of an ant's nest with a sharp

stick. And he could clothe himself for twelve months on ten cents worth of cotton. You can not carry on a commerce with such a people. When these barbarians are converted they want something. Their wives want bonnets, and shawls, and shoes, and gloves, and ribbons, and their children want books and pictures. Then they will work, then they must work. It is the Christian family with its multiplied wants that spurs up and keeps up the average man. Then you can trade with him. He wants something. This means commerce. The annual business of England is $100 for each person, of France $50, of the United States $50, of China less than $3, of Africa $1.25. When we have Christianized the heathen nations and brought their wants and activities up to the level of Christian nations, we will have added many billions to the commerce of the world. Missions have never drawn from the world's pocket-book ten per cent of what they have put into that pocket-book. Their reflex influence appears on the balance-sheet of the races.

This is the old law of *gravity* applied to spiritual things. In the universe, worlds are drawn toward the sun according to their

weight. The heavier the planet, the more powerfully it is drawn toward the sun. So it is in spiritual things. The man who spreads his arms out under the race, trying to lift it to higher levels, is by that very burden made more weighty, and is therefore drawn up more powerfully toward God. It is always more blessed to give than to receive. He who loses his life, finds it. Dying, the seed bears an hundred-fold.

The figures on the wrong side of the world's balance-sheet are greatly augmented by the waste of the best wealth of a race that is always found in the life and character of the people. The depravation and consequent deprivations enforced by heathenism cuts short the wealth-producing power of men by shortening their lives. The average life in heathen and Pagan lands is little more than one-half what it is in Christian lands, and in some fields it is but little more than one-third. The introduction of Christianity would stop this waste. Money put into missions would thus add vastly to the world's aggregate wealth. It is the blindest and most ruinous economy to withhold any of the needed treasure from the treasury of missions. The econ-

omy of the merchant who allowed his most costly wines to run to waste rather than invest a penny in corks with which to cork the open bungholes, was vastly wiser than that of the Christian nations that refuse the money necessary to stop the waste of heathenism.

It is impossible to measure the blunders that mar our own balance-sheet without estimating the rich investments we overlook in our habit of mere local observation. The record of each of the great evangelical Churches demonstrates that it *costs more* than three times as much to secure the conversion of a hundred souls in Christendom as it does in the depths of heathenism. We neglect our best opportunities. When will we cease to burn out our candle at both ends? When will we learn better than to wear out the bore of our guns scaring the game? Facts are God's arguments. Events are God's logic. Let us study the stern logic of events. For the reflex influence of misions is found everywhere in commerce.

The Reflex influence of Missions.

Science is deeply indebted to missions. I can only catalogue a few of the rich results in this department. The field is as old as Christian thought, and as wide as the out-

most circle of civilization. There is not a *department of science,* from that touching the wild water-lily as it nods and nods, keeping time with the melody of the waves, and like a vestal virgin pouring out her incense upon the airy altar, to that calculating the unnumbered ages chiseled into the hoary foundations of the earth, and "reading the unread manuscripts of God," or from that pursuing the crude animal races down to their extinction, to that tracking man from his fierce barbarisms up to his kingship with the Almighty; or from that watching the meteor flashing a moment athwart the gloom and going out in darkness to that studying the suns that blaze on in the firmament forever and forever,—there is not a department of science that does not feel the divine presence of the life-giving spirit of missions.

That plain old science of *Geography,* that plowboy among the sciences, so thoroughly of the earth earthy, is almost, like Philology and Ethnology, a missionary science. Much of its ancient domain has been recovered, and nearly all its modern domain has been secured by missionaries. Dr. W. M. Thomson has recast the map of Syria and unfolded the val-

leys and plains of Palestine. Mr. Colton, the chart-maker, says, "There is scarcely an exploration in any land that does not acknowledge its indebtedness to missionaries." Carl Ritter, the celebrated geographer, says he could not have written his great work but for the material furnished by missionaries. Dr. Kropf made the discoveries that led Speke and Grant to the sources of the Nile, so vainly sought ever since the days of Ptolemy, discoveries without which those sources might not even yet have been found.

Saving Oregon.

In the autumn of 1842 some British emigrants from Red River went into Walla Walla and said to Dr. Whitman, a missionary, "Now the Americans may whistle, the country is ours." The governor-general, Sir George Simpson, in his report, "defied Congress to establish the Atlantic tariff in the Pacific ports." Dr. Whitman started that night, left his family with the Methodist missionary at the Dalles, and made his way across the Continent in spite of hostile Indians and an inclement winter. In the early spring he reached Washington, and called on Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, and urged the holding of Oregon. Webster said, "Sir

George Simpson says wagons can not cross the mountains, and I am about trading the worthless territory for valuable concessions in relation to the Newfoundland cod-fishermen." Dr. Whitman urged his convictions upon President Tyler. Tyler said: "Dr. Whitman, since you are a missionary I will believe you. The treaty will not be ratified." One missionary did something in shaping the map of this country, and secured for our Government more than all we gained by the Mexican War, without any of its crime and disgrace.

Missionary Vrooman made a map of Canton and its suburbs that guided the British fleet in the bombardment of the city in 1856. Dr. Long, Methodist missionary to Bulgaria, teaching in Robert College, has trained the youth of Bulgaria and kindled in their brain new thoughts of manhood, and has thus made the magnificent struggle for freedom in that land a fact and the autonomy and liberty of Bulgaria possible.

Philology, the searchlight of antiquity that throws its X-rays upon the body of a language, and reveals the hidden secrets of its remote past, is strictly a missionary science. Comparative Philology had its origin in a

comparison of translations of the *Lord's Prayer* in the fifteenth century. In 1784, Hervas published his polyglot vocabulary in one hundred and fifty languages and the Lord's Prayer in more than three hundred. Nearly all known languages have been mastered by missionaries. They have reduced many merely spoken languages to a written form. They have compiled dictionaries, braided grammars, translated literatures, and uncovered whatever of wealth the languages have contained. It is by this science, based on their labors, that we can trace the migrations and wanderings of the races and tribes of men in prehistoric times. We sometimes discover kinsmen among enemies, as we see the Greeks and Persians, age-long enemies, springing from the same stalk; we sometimes find friends to be of widely separated families, as the Greeks and Egyptians. Thus we find the Hawaiian and the New Zealander, separated by five thousand miles of sea, able to understand each other on first meeting. Through this deep science we may yet unravel the ancient history of our North American Indians.

Ethnology is a twin-sister to Philology,

born in a missionary parsonage. Missionaries, living with the people, studying their habits and prejudices as well as their language and histories, have every opportunity to master all the characteristics that distinguish each race and tribe. With only ordinary ability, surrounded with such extraordinary advantages, they must become masters in this science and repositories of its materials.

Archæology, that mummy of the sciences, holding in its bosom the secrets of the interminable past, lays many of her treasures at the feet of the missionaries. Dr. Lobdell's notes on *Anabasis,* giving his experiences over the regions traversed by Xenophon, describing the distances, modes of travel and of crossing rivers, arms, dress and customs of the people, roll back the tide of twenty-two hundred years, and reproduce the times and trials of the old Greek warriors. He discovers and describes the quarries from which were taken the limestone blocks for *Nimrod's palace.* Dr. Allen, watching the *erection of a temple* in the Marathi country, as they pack the walls about with dirt inside and out as fast as the walls rise, thus making an inclined plane up which the blocks of stone are pulled by men,

finds the secret of how those huge stones in Baalbec were brought to their places. From the pens of missionaries we have descriptions of the *reservoir of Old Carthage* and of the ancient subterranean corn *magazines of Tripoli.* A modern missionary, Dr. Anderson, takes us through Asia Minor to visit once more the *Seven Churches.* A missionary sent home some of the gold coins of Philip and Alexander dug up at Sidon in 1853. Who has given us the oldest and most *reliable knowledge* of China during the last two centuries? Missionaries. Whose history of *Iceland* is most ancient and reliable concerning the people, the geology, history, literature, and poetry? Dr. Henderson's, a missionary. Whose pen do we follow through *Greenland?* Hans Egede's, a missionary. Whence our early and reliable knowledge of *Australia* and *New Zealand?* From Marsden, a missionary. With whom do we explore South Africa or South America? Jesuits, missionaries. What *history of China* is authority to-day on people, animals, plants, products and history? "Middle Kingdom," by Williams, a missionary. Time forbids my specifying the volumes of history, and of natural science, and of geology,

and of botany, and of the learned articles in the proceedings of the scientific associations and scientific periodicals, and of current literature, and of the valuable boxes of rare archæological specimens which enrich the illustrative materials of our great colleges and universities. There is hardly a forest or a river or a lake that has not been described by some missionary. There is hardly an animal, from the lion to the red ant, from the gorilla breaking a gun in his hands to the Amazons composing the body-guard of the king whose term of reproach for a coward is, "You are a man," that has not been described by missionaries.

No wonder the *Smithsonian* "Contributions to Knowledge" (Vol. XVII) says of missionaries: "There is no class of men, whether viewed as scholars or philanthropists, who have earned a higher reputation. Their contributions to history, to ethnology, to philology, to geography, and to religious literature, form an enduring monument to their fame." No wonder that Professor Agassiz said: "We owe missionaries much for their intelligent observation of facts and for their collecting of specimens. We must look to them not a little for aid in our efforts to advance future sci-

ence." Professor Silliman says, "It would be impossible to ignore their important contributions to science." Dr. A. A. Gould and Professor J. D. Dana give clear testimony to the invaluable aid of missionaries. The great astronomer, Herschel, proffered a vote of thanks from the Royal Society to Dr. Stoddard, of Persia. Surely science can never pay her debt to missions, and ought never to deny the debt.

The reflex influence of Missions in Intellectual Activity.

This mission work stirs the thoughtful man to his very depths by its very *vastness*.

No man can plan a campaign as wide as the race for universal dominion without being enlarged by the very purpose. It is impossible to take in God's great thought concerning the race, and not stretch up to greater measurements. Once there was on *this island* only rocks and sinkholes, and Indians and wolves. But there came over from England, and from Ireland, and from Scotland, and from Germany, and from all the Continent, a million and a half of people, and crowded in onto this island. It could not be otherwise that there should spring up these towering castles of commerce and palaces of comfort. The tramping of these millions of feet inevit-

ably beat out these paved avenues and thoroughfares. The working of these restless brains created these vast business establishments. The beating of these anxious hearts built these elegant homes. So you may take a human mind familiar only with the crude and tangible, confined to the things that perish, pour into that mind the great ideas of God, and of immortality, and of accountability, and of sin, and of redemption, and of mercy, and of pardon, and of eternal life, and it can not be but that mind will feel a quickening. It straightens up, looks up toward God, stretches out toward Him and rises to greater measurements and feels a mightier tide of life.

Let a man become possessed of the *Spirit of the Son of God,* and it will intensify and enlarge his nature. When the evil spirit possesses a man, it deforms and enslaves him and reduces his individuality. It dwarfs him. In demoniacal possessions he is the tool or instrument used by the demons. They act and speak for him, saying, "Our name is legion. Let us alone." But when the Spirit of God possesses a man, his individuality is enlarged, crowned with

dominion. He is able to stand against all adversaries. Weapons and fagots are powerless. He cries with Paul, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." In this field and work of saving the world let a man have the Spirit of the Son of God, who despised the shame and endured the cross for our sakes; who, though He were rich,—rich in all the gold of the Ophirs, and Australias, and Californias, rich in the adoration of all intelligences, rich in the unspeakable glory of the Eternal Court,—yet for our sakes, on account of our poverty, became poor, entered into our disabilities, drained the cup of our want and pain and wretchedness, so that He had not where to lay His head, with no hand to help, no eye to pity; staggering and dripping with great drops of agonizing blood, He cried out His unspeakable anguish, in the utter and outer darkness of desertion, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" Let a man take a little of this spirit, brooding over the needs of a dying world, and he will inevitably rise into fellowship with the longing sufferings of the Savior and into kinship with the Infinite, greater and more vital in every faculty and force.

Character. The reflex influence of missions is seen in the development of exalted character. The greatest creation in the world is *Man*. "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god!" (Hamlet, ii, 2.) The arts that touch and handle him must be the highest arts. The forces that exalt his nature must be the divinest forces. The inspirations that ennoble him must be of infinite value. Manhood, exalted manhood, is the *most costly* thing in the universe. To produce man with noble character is the one problem at which God has toiled all the ages. He can make a world with the little tips of His fingers, with the unnoticed breath of His nostrils. Wipe out all the suns and systems that come into the field of our most widely reaching telescopes, and with one word God could speak their places full. But not so with man. To make him at once a crowned monarch and a subject, that is the structure whose foundation-stones required cementing with the blood of the Son of God on Mount Calvary; that required the long ages of redeeming love; that yoked to-

gether the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. Whatever helps man up to exalted character is above price. Alexander of Russia ordered the best watch English workmen could produce. He admired it. But when he wanted it cleaned he found no workman in his Empire able to handle its complicated mechanism. He had to send for its maker to come and clean and repair it. No wonder he highly prized it. So we gather some idea of the value and greatness of man with an exalted character when we find no one on earth able to handle his complicated nature, and it is necessary for his Maker to come that He may put him in order again. It emphasizes man's greatness when only the Being that made him is able to remake him. In a great and earnest sense this mission work is one of God's favorite ways of fitting up exalted character. These mission fields are God's *repair shops* out along the line where characters may be improved and kept in the service.

Characters are *achieved,* not received. They grow out of the substance of the man's soul. They are not put on as a beggar might put on a stolen coat. They mature like fruit from the vital fluids of the tree. This is a sign

of their genuineness; they grow with use. A natural limb grows stronger and better with use.

This man goes into the *gymnasium,* swings dumb-bells, strikes sacks of sand, climbs ropes, swings on crossbars, and thus he develops a large chest and heavy muscle. Another man goes into a machine-shop; he pounds and lifts and works away at an engine; he makes an engine. That is what he is there for. But that is not all he does. He also develops a large, deep chest and heavy muscle. This seems incidental, but is none the less real. God uses both these ways in His spiritual Kingdom, but chiefly the latter. We seem to be doing some outside thing, something for some one else, going or giving to the mission fields, but we are really working for ourselves, developing exalted characters.

This work, this mission work, produces the greatest crop of exalted character *everywhere.* It is not a question of race, but of grace. It is not a problem of good blood, but of the Divine Blood. God is not hunting good clothes, but great needs. Our lostness attracts Him, and He hunts us, leaving the ninety and nine. We become attractive to Him by our very

repulsiveness. All He asks is, "Do they need Me?" Then He undertakes to make out of them new creatures, saints, angels. I sent a native preacher, a Chinaman, to his work in the Foochow Conference, who had this in his history: After he was converted, and had studied the New Testament not a little, he felt called to preach, to tell his countrymen the good news. When he had fully settled that as his duty he went into the crowded street, and got upon a little box, and began preaching. Soon a mob gathered, knocked him down from his box, beat him with a bundle of bamboos, dragged him through the city, and threw him over the wall for dead. He came to, went down to a little brook and washed off the blood and dirt. Then he prayed, saying, "Lord Jesus, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Then he went straight back to the same street, got upon the same box and preached again. Again the mob rallied, beat him, dragged him out, and threw him over the wall for dead. Again he revived, washed away the dirt and blood, and said, "Lord Jesus, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Back he went to the same little box and preached as before. Again the mob rallied and beat him

down. The magistrates, fearing to answer for his death, sent the police and took him from the mob and put him in a jail that faced on a little open square, on which the mob gathered howling and throwing up dust. He went to the little window, put his hand out through the gratings and beckoned for the mob to be quiet. When they quieted a little he pressed his bruised and bleeding face up against the gratings and said, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus to testify the gospel of the grace of God." (Acts xx, 24.) The old martyrs did no better than that. Even Anglo-Saxons could do no better. This man wanted to be sent to that people as his regular work.

This courage reaches whole *societies* and *churches.* It is manifested either in suffering persecution or in sacrifices out of their poverty. In the Fukien Province you see, in the fall, barren rocks on the mountain-sides covered with slices of sweet potatoes spread out there to dry. These *slices of dried sweet potatoes* become their currency. They are worth less than the one hundredth part of a cent. A

people's unit of exchange indicates the size of their business transactions. I know a church built by these poor people. The stewards kept a box near the door, into which the members dropped their donations of dried sweet-potato chips as their contributions to the new church-building. The contributions were exceedingly small. But One stood by the door and saw them cast in their chips, who stood by that ancient treasury and saw the poor woman cast in her two mites. He accepted, and blessed the offering, and out of their poverty a church was built.

I saw and appointed a certain preacher in Peking, and also saw his mother, a faithful Bible-reader. When a boy this man came to the mission and was converted. Then he went back into the country, and wheeled his mother on a *wheelbarrow* four hundred miles to bring her to the mission that she might hear about the Savior. The history of civilization furnishes no better spirits than these. The courage of the old heroes is not a lost art.

I saw a converted lad in Korea, and sent him as a *Bible-reader*. He came to a stream and was nearly drowned in crossing it. A native went in with a water-buffalo, and

pulled him up onto the animal's back and saved him. As they were going toward the shore the lad said: "As you have fished me up and saved me from death, Jesus Christ wants to fish you up and save you from eternal death. He has sent me out to be a fisher of men."

A native preacher in Mexico was sent to his work. The priest had him arrested and put in jail. There, in the court or inner pateo, he mingled during the days with the other prisoners and preached the gospel to them. Nearly a score were converted under his prison ministry. When the priest came on his monthly visit to celebrate mass, these refused to join in the service. The priest was in a strait, not knowing what to do, but finally had the preacher turned out as his only chance to protect his imprisoned members. Faithful unto death and life!

It is a convenient method in Mexico to *remove a prisoner* from one jail to another in the night, shoot him on the way, and report that he attempted to escape. One of our imprisoned native preachers learned that he was to be moved that night. He knew what that meant. He saw a boy, a son of one of his members, by the jail. Like Paul at Cæsarea

he called the boy, told him the order, and directed him to tell the Church. That night before dusk the entire congregation gathered about the prison door and waited for their pastor till he was brought out; then they all walked with him to the other jail. It was not safe to shoot the prisoner before so many witnesses. Faithful unto death!

It was my privilege to found the first Methodist Episcopal Church in St. Petersburg, Russia. I took a presiding elder from Finland and a Russian converted in Finland. With these, and with my wife and son, in a little room in the Hotel d'Angleterre, I organized the Church and appointed this man pastor under the provisions of the treaty between Russia and Finland. As we went down to the carriage to ride by the hall we wanted to hire the pastor said: "Do n't talk of this in English. No doubt the driver understands English, and is sent by the police to report your doings. I can go to Siberia if necessary, but I prefer to work here under the treaty." A year later one of my colleagues visited the work. As he went down the gang-plank onto the dock in St. Petersburg a splendid looking man said, "Bishop Warren?" "Yes, sir," was

the reply. This was the pastor, who drove him boldly to the hall, and introduced him to the First Methodist Episcopal Church of St. Petersburg, where he had a thriving society, safe under the treaty when once organized. With the slightest slip under the letter of the treaty this pastor would go to Siberia to die in the mines, without trial or even accusation. But he did not hesitate in his duty, that the little flock might have the gospel. St. Paul was not the only man who has contended with wild beasts. The courage and heroism of the martyrs thrive around the campfires of the missionary picket-line all the world around.

It is *worth more than all it costs* to have the home Church feel a kinship to these heroic souls. When a country can not produce among her own sons men willing to die for their liberties, but must do their fighting by mercenaries, then that country has lost its liberties, and has nothing left worth fighting for. When a Church reaches the state where she can not furnish missionaries and keep in sympathy with them, she has reached a point where she has nothing worth propagating. It is the spirit of heroism and sacrifice that in-

sures spiritual triumph. No man is worth much in the spiritual world who has not convictions which are more to him than all else, who would not rather die than recant. No Church can long remain a conquering force who has not the missionary spirit and understands the word of Jesus, "As the Father hath sent Me, even so send I you." There run through the ages great *lines of spiritual power,* that lift and mold mankind. These lines are as resistless as God. These lines can be seized only by the writhing hands of sacrifice. Whenever a great soul seizes these eternal cables, then the Church is shaken out of her lethargy, and society takes a new start for heaven.

It is not all loss to sacrifice for God. Often all else is loss. We come to our best *uses in the furnace.* The old refiner of gold had the secret when he said he kept the gold in the crucible, and turned on the heat till he could see *his own face* in the metal. So God refines the gold that shall decorate his temple yonder. He keeps us in the crucible, and turns on the heat, taking our money or our children for this work, till He can see His own image in us.

Sometimes He goes beyond taking the dross out of us, and ventures to improve our *quality and exalt our uses.* The steel-workers understand this deep law in the heart of things. They know that the higher the temperature to which steel is raised in its preparation, the better the quality and the more exalted its uses. To make lancets, instruments meeting little resistance, the temperature must not go above 430° Fht. To make razors and surgical instruments, it must go up to 450° Fht. For axes and plane irons, it must go up to 510° Fht.; and for swords and watch-springs it must go up to 550° Fht. Something like this is true in our lives. The hotter the furnace, the better our possible uses. For moral lancets, to treat the coarser distempers, only a low temperature is required. For the more difficult feats of the skilled surgeon, separating between the joints and marrow, higher temperature must be endured. If we are to be fit for swords and watch-springs, to be trusted in the mortal combat, where everything depends upon a Damascus blade able to sever a common sword without turning its edge, and go into a spiral scabbard without affecting its perfection, or be springs to keep time with

the great clocks of eternity, then we must endure a higher temperature. It is an unmeasured blessing to a Church to have the sacrifices of this mission work bring up the temperature in God's furnace. I have seen, in these days of electrical forces, a new heat generated by the powers so long wasted at Niagara Falls. Salt, sand, and coke, the commonest materials, put into a retort and held in a temperature of 8,000° Fht. for twenty-four hours, are forced into what is called *carborundum,* a kind of black diamond. This will cut everything brought against it except the white diamond. It may be that higher temperatures and better combinations will produce the costly jewels. When I have thought of missionary mothers, taking their little children that must have the change of years of a temperate climate free from malaria to save them from imbecility, down to a steamer about to sail for the far-away home-land, and looking over the strange faces of the passengers to find some woman to whom she can intrust them during the long voyage; some woman to care for them if they sicken on the sea, and thus send them to strangers to train and educate them, and at night listen to their

prayers which the mother has taught them, perhaps not to notice when the mother's name is dropped out of those prayers,—when I have thought of these sacrifices, bravely made for the sake of the Master, I have felt that the temperature is at last up to the point where the white diamonds are made for the diadem of the King. This mission work is worth more than it costs for the heroic martyr spirit with which it inspires the Church.

There is woven into all the cordage of the British navy, in every hawser, rope, or cord, no matter how large or how small, a crimson thread. It is so woven in that it can not be taken out without unbraiding the rope or cord itself. Thus any little piece, no matter how short, found anywhere, can be instantly recognized as a part of the Royal cordage. So, in a way, this mission work stamps all the work of the spiritual Church, the Body of Christ. There is so much of sacrifice about it, the making up of that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ, that it runs a crimson thread through every consecrated life, however great or humble, or obscure or small, and identifies it as a part of the sacrificial work offered for the world's salvation.

The reflex influence of missions inspires the hope of speedy triumph. The ages have passed slowly in the darkness, but the Church is now kindling her beacon-fires on the mountain-tops everywhere. In Constantinople once, on the sultan's birthday, I saw that great old cathedral, St. Sofia, illumined. Everywhere, along the aisles, and around the chancel, and along the gallery fronts, and around the columns, and in the alcoves and niches, and in and about all the windows,—everywhere, were placed candles and tapers, by the hundred and by the thousand. As the shades of evening gathered in and settled in the gloomy recesses of the building, a multitude of men attached to the Church, and their assistants, were seen everywhere with their torches lighting the candles and tapers. The smoke from their torches and from the candles seemed almost to add to the gloom. Now and then a gust from an open window extinguished the flickering tapers. It took much time; but we could see, by the glimmering lights and lines of tapers in the distance, that the great building was illumined; seen from the outside the lines of burning tapers gave a dim outline to the great

Hope.

structure, up against a dark sky. As I watched the tedious process, I thought, This is not altogether unlike the work of the Church in the early centuries lighting the world. The messengers and torch-bearers stumbled along through the great masses of heathenism and Pagan superstition, here and there kindling a taper and awakening a better hope; many of the tapers and torches extinguished by the migrations of the tribes and nations; many quenched in blood by the red hand of war, yet slowly gaining on the darkness and spreading the circles of the light.

I have since seen another illumination that suits me better. It was yonder in the "White City" by the Lake. It was the Manufacturers' and Liberal Arts Building of the Columbian Exposition. It had as much acreage as three or four New England farms. I saw one hundred and twenty thousand people seated in one side of it. Away at one end, stuck in a little gallery, were six thousand singers and three groups of bands. Standing in the center of the building, we could frequently hear the higher notes, but as often we could not catch a sound. We knew the music was being rendered by watching through our glasses the

motions of the players. It is to-day difficult to comprehend the vast proportions of that structure. Beneath its ample roof were gathered all the nations of the earth. Here the English, and there the Russians, exhibited their merchandise. The Germans, French, Spanish, Italians, Scandinavians, all the families of Europe, had their departments; Turks, Arabs, Japanese, Chinese, Hindoos, Africans, representatives from the teeming families of Asia and Africa, presented their curious products; Mexico, the South American Republics, and those from the Islands of the Sea, were busy with their merchandise and exhibits. All the families of men were gathered within those four walls. The lighting of it was a modern problem. Modern genius ran wires and electric apparatus everywhere over the building, along the rafters, up the bents, along the girders, about the galleries, over the booths, through the aisles, everywhere. It took work, and time, and money, and genius, and thought, to run all the wires, place all the switches, hang all the arcs, swing all the tubes, plant all the batteries, and make all the complicated machinery converge upon one point under one button. But when

this wire-running and light-placing was done, the work of illumining the building was about accomplished. At the appointed time, in the gathering darkness, one hand turned on the current, and in an instant the whole scene was changed. Quick as thought light flashed from roof and gallery, from brace and girder, from booth and tower, along the aisles and through the passages, in the tents and pavilions, everywhere; over the quarter of the Briton and the camp of the Russian, over the resting-place of the Turk and of the Hindoo, over the palaces of the German and of the French, everywhere; over the quarters of the Chinese and of the Japanese flashed this light, like the light of a new sun risen in the evening,—and the whole vast building was one blaze of light. So it seems to me that the Christian Church, through her missionary operations, has been patiently preparing the way for illumining the world. The stations have been planted, churches built, schools opened, presses started, dictionaries compiled, grammars braided, literatures created, great lines of communications secured; railroads, steamships, telegraphs, printing presses, Bible societies,—everything seems to be in readi-

ness. Millions of believers have a rich experience and good theology and increasing zeal. Our high schools and universities are making ready a great army competent to teach the Word; fortunes beyond the necessities of the owners are being accumulated by the hundred millions; all things now seem ready. My faith is humbly and hopefully looking to see the Holy Spirit come upon the Churches, and flash along all these lines, lighting all lands. Already I see the light shining on the summits of the Himalayas, and streaking over the plains of China, and streaming over the islands of Japan. The time is not far distant when a nation shall be born in a day, and the whole earth shall be covered with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

In yonder Southern Hemisphere on the South Atlantic I have stood on the deck, and gazed up at the most attractive constellation, the Southern Cross. Once to see it is always to look for it when the night comes down. On that southern sea the sailors watch it with unflagging interest. In the lone hours of the night you can sometimes hear the watch on deck calling out to the watch in the lookout,

"Ho, watch, what of the night?" Then the answer, "The morning is coming, for the Cross begins to bend." So to-night, standing in the lookout, looking over the dark lands, am I asked, "What of the night?" I can answer, "The morning is coming, for the Cross begins to bend."



IV.

THE MESSAGE.

[This *Message* was written by Dr. Fowler when he was Missionary Secretary. Dr. Dorchester kindly allowed the use of the statistics which were taken from the manuscript of his book on "The Problem of Religious Progress." *The Message* was simultaneuosly published in full in each of the great Methodist Church *Advocates*.]

"MEN, brethren, and fathers, hearken!"

With your hand on your headstone, your eye on the judgment throne, and your heart naked and open to the Allseeing Eye, answer this question: What would you take as a reward or compensation for which you would be willing to have the Bible annihilated or demonstrated to be false? The Christian, who does not fear its punishments, can not conceive of any gift or treasure that could form even a motive for such a loss. Solid globes of gold, vast as our sun and countless as the stars of night, with all earthly dominion and honor, would be as nothing. They are gone in a

moment. A desirable exchange is *unthinkable.*

Our message, then, is to you. You have received something worth having and worth giving. "Freely ye have received, freely give." You have a Divine Redeemer—"a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction" for your sins. You have a perfect salvation through faith. You know that "the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins." You have "tasted" of the good word of life. You know the power of an endless life. To you the Word of God is of absolute authority. To you, in the name of God, by the price of your soul, on the authority of this Word, comes *the message.*

Spirit of the Gospel.

You must have this mission spirit. You are not your own. You are purchased with a price, and with such a price that its repetition would bankrupt the eternal treasury. You belong to Christ. You are Christ's. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ: according as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before

Him in love." Redeemed from sin, you are brought into fellowship with Him who came "to seek and to save that which was lost."

Christ is in the world on a soul-hunt. He is here in a world full of sinners as the sinner's Friend as well as the saint's King. The very purpose of His coming is mercy. "He is abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin." He is here to save. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved."

He is here to save *the world;* for, "by the grace of God, Jesus Christ tasted death for"—the Anglo-Saxon only? No, not that way. Such an utterance would shock the moral universe. Every moral intelligence would utter its agonizing protest, and be forced into heroic resistance. *"Tasted death for every man,"* is the authoritative word that measures the wideness there is in God's love. "He is the propitiation for *our* sins." That has a definiteness and personal application that

gives us the feeling of sonship. But the instant we feel this throb of filial love, and the ineffable word *Father* rises to our lips, we are borne out on the rest of the same breath,—"and not for our sins *only,* but for the sins of *the whole world.*" We have come to Him who is "the Savior of *all men,* especially of those that believe," "who gave Himself a ransom *for all;*" "for God was in Christ reconciling *the world* unto Himself." Surely this strange Being from the worlds out of sight, who is called "Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace," and "Jesus, because He shall save His people from their sins," is in the world on a mission of mercy. His presence brings hope. "Light breaks in. The prison walls give way." He calls *to the ends* of the earth to come and live.

It is impossible to breathe any spirit in the presence of such a Savior, except in the widest and most zealous spirit of missions. In His presence we are not surprised that Christianity seeks the lost, but we are compelled to believe that the *religion of Jesus must have the missionary spirit.* With the Bible in your hands, and its unbreakable promises enkin-

dling in your bosoms the hopes of eternal life, you must feel the great rule, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." "As we have opportunity" we must "do good unto all men." There is no escape from the supreme law, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. And *thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.*" May the Holy Spirit bear in upon every conscience the abiding conviction that *there can be no intelligent New Testament Christianity without missions!*

Soldiers of the Cross, hear the final command from the Captain of your salvation: *"All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."* These are omnipotent words: "Go," "preach," "teach," "baptize." And "the field is the world," "all nations," "every creature."

This work has all the intensity of a death struggle. Every force within the reach of

Omnipotence is marshaled and marched to the front. Every motive which Infinite Wisdom could mold or fashion is poured red-hot upon the conscience. Every argument that Infinite Skill could draw from three worlds is laid upon the judgment. Every term that could threaten or intimidate is set on menacing. Every figure of speech that could persuade or allure is exhausted in beckoning and persuading. Every cavern in the regions of the lost sighs and moans in the very face of refusal. Heaven herself throws open her gates of pearl, and exhibits to mortal gaze her streets of gold, her palaces of fire, and her thrones of light. Last of all, the Master Himself breaks out of the unspeakable glory into our very presence, and before our very eyes embraces our cross, that He may persuade us. In the very intensity of this dying, He cries: Go preach, teach, everywhere. In such a presence we are not surprised to hear Him say to the Father, "As Thou hast sent Me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world;" nor to hear His command to us, "As the Father hath sent Me, even so I send you." "Go."

With your churches and schools, with your

Bibles and homes, what can you think of the great lands, brimful of immortals bowed down under a load of sins and superstitions, worshiping stones and sticks that give no comfort; strangers to pardon and purity and peace? Do not the words, *"As ye would,"* ring the alarm-bell in the camp of your fears? Does not the Divine "Go" strike down upon your conscience like a trip-hammer?

In the midst of this agonizing haste of saving mercy, it is the one commission of most exalted honor and of most grave responsibility that the *ministry of reconciliation* is committed unto us. "All things are of God, who hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation; to wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; *and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation.* Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

Under the weight of such a work it is no marvel that Dr. Fuller, less than a century ago, when repulsed in his begging from door

to door for the money with which to send Carey to the heathen, should retire to weep and pray; as he says, "I frequently retired from the more public streets to the back lanes, that I might not be seen to weep over my disappointments." The only marvel is that so few of Christ's followers have the same zeal. Dr. Durbin tells us of a Moravian mother who understood Christ's call for workers in the world's harvest: "A friend in much sadness said to her, 'Your son is gone.' 'Is Thomas gone to heaven through the missionary life? Would to God that he would call my son John!' John went, and died. The committee were sad, but the old lady anticipated them, and exclaimed, 'Would that He would call my last son, William!' William went, and fell. Then she exclaimed, 'Would that I had a thousand sons to give to God!'" How much are you giving for this work of reconciling the world to God?

Christ Necessary.

All need Christ. God gave Him for *the world*. He "tasted death for *every man*." He is the supreme need of every mortal. This is a field where human knowledge and speculations are of little value and of no authority. What God declares we can trust. Beyond

that, nothing is certain. It is not necessary for us to judge the heathen. It is safe for us to expect that the Judge of all the earth will do right; for "God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation, he that *feareth Him and worketh righteousness* is accepted with Him."

A few general principles are evidently involved in the word: 1. The heathen will not be judged by our light. 2. They will be judged by their own light. 3. Those who live as nearly up to the light they have, as a saved Christian lives up to the light he has, will be saved. 4. No two mortals have the same amount of light. 5. Exposure to being lost is not a question of the *amount* of light, but of the *fact* of light. In the presence of these simple and generally accepted truths the condition of the heathen becomes alarming when it is remembered that there is a "Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." And "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead;" *so that they are without excuse.* They "are a law unto themselves: Which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their con-

science also bearing witness, and their thoughts, the meanwhile accusing, or else excusing one another." This prepares us to accept the statement which these declarations are made to support; namely, "As many as have sinned without law, shall also perish without law."

The actual question. It ceases to be a question whether any of the heathen will be saved, or whether any of them will be lost. It now stands as *a calculation of chances as to what means shall be used for saving the greatest number.* A man might cross the Atlantic in a skiff. Doubtless a few did in past ages thus drift to these shores. But it is immeasurably better to take passage on a Cunard steamer. For our own children we choose moral and religious surroundings. We keep about them a religious atmosphere. We reduce the evil influences as much as possible. Thus we increase the probabilities of their maturing into Christian men and women. This law holds over all the sons and daughters of Adam: *The proportion of the saved will keep quite even step with the amount of light shed forth.* In the presence of this great law read Paul's description in the first chapter of Romans,

and see how the odds are multiplied against these that sit in darkness: "Being *filled* with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful; who, *knowing* the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them." It is hard to conceive how the odds could be more against them. You would not throw your prattling baby boy into such a gang of hungry wolves and say, "He is as safe there as he would be in my arms, or kneeling at my family altar."

No thoughtful man argues that it is better not to give the heathen the gospel because it would increase their responsibility; for that argument is equally against *any* gospel for *any* body. Nor does he say, with Dr. Ryland, in the meeting of Baptist ministers in Northampton, England, in 1788, when the missionary spirit of modern times burst forth in the

soul of William Carey: "Young man, sit down. When God pleases to convert the heathen He will do it without your aid or mine;" for such a statement would apply equally to His saving our children and our neighbors. No, *the per cent of the saved keeps quite even step with the amount of light shed forth.*

No wonder our crucified, risen, and ascending Lord cried out: "Go, preach, teach every creature, and I will be with you, with all power, even unto the end of the world."

The state of the heathen shows their need of the gospel. Their languages are rich in words and terms of crime. Some languages contain as many as twelve words expressing the way in which one may kill his father, while there is no word for mercy. They are living in "the habitations of cruelty."

Dr. Cunnyngham gives the following incidents: "A few years ago the British consul in Ashantee wrote: 'The king's mother is dead, and three thousand victims were sacrified at her burial. Two thousand of these were prisoners of war, and one thousand were natives. They were sacrificed with most revolting rites.' The King of Dahomey 'slaughtered

six thousand captives in order to ornament the wall around his palace with their heads.' A missionary relates the following as an example of caprice common in certain districts in Africa: 'At a feast, a little son of the king asked that a certain fleshy man, whom he pointed out, should be cut into a hundred pieces. The man was seized, by order of the king, and his body cut up to amuse the child.' Again: 'The son of a king died in a drunken debauch; at his funeral thirty young women, fifty men, and twenty slaves were buried alive, that their spirits might attend him in another world.'" ("Thoughts on Missions," p. 129.)

The Rev. Mr. Whitehead, for ten years a missionary in South China, in an address at the May anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, said: "In China you find heathenism of the most ancient, the most gigantic, and the most impious type."

Again he said: "It would almost seem as if God had isolated the Chinese Empire from the rest of the race just to see whether human nature has in it any recuperative power; whether man left to himself apart from God can devise any system—social, political, or moral—that shall be sufficient to depose vice,

to exalt virtue, and to promote happiness; and, certainly, they have not been wanting in expedients. They have had their great national systems in full operation, two of them for twenty-five centuries, and the other for twenty, —Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism. These three systems form the three angles of a triangle,—the moral, the metaphysical, and the immortal. They appeal to the three great functions of the human soul,—the will, the sensibility, and the intellect; and they unite in ignoring God. They have had ample facility for development of any possible potentiality they may possess for alleviating the people. They have had a wide field, length of days, freedom from outside interference. They have basked in the smiles of government, and have enjoyed wealth and patronage; and what is the result? It is an Empire more corrupt and degraded than has ever been found. Notwithstanding any elements for good they may have in them, and any influence for good they may have exerted, the nation has gone down under their ægis into deeper darkness and fouler immorality. This, surely, should be considered one of the most convincing proofs that man-made systems,

however plausible, will never succeed in regenerating human nature and raising the race."

Surely what we need, they must also need. If it is necessary for us to be born again, surely they must be born again. We are afraid to look at this mighty procession marching by in solid columns, centuries long, filled with more than half the human race, steeped in corruption, knowing nothing of peace and purity, plunging on in the darkness.

There are those who still remember the burdened and burning words of Dr. Olin, as he gazed on this procession: "They perish, sir, they perish." Turn and read his ever-memorable words in his great address delivered at the Greene Street Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, on the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Missionary Society:

"But, sir, strongly disposed as I am, in addressing an audience of Christian men, to make my sole appeal to great first principles, I should yet hesitate, but for my solemn conviction that the sentiment is only half believed by the Church. I should hesitate, sir, to assign as my chief argument this stale theolog-

ical truism, that it is the duty of the Church to evangelize the world, *because that is the only way of saving the world.* I say, sir, it is my profoundest conviction that the Church does not really believe this tremendous truth. It believes that the gospel is an unspeakable blessing; that it is an excellent remedy for sin; that it is God's chosen and cherished way of lifting up our fallen race, and bringing many sons and daughters into glory; but that Christ's is *'the only name given under heaven whereby men can be saved;'* that *'whosoever believeth not, shall be damned;'* that *'idolaters shall not inherit the kingdom of God,'*— these are declarations which, as it seems to me, the Church is wont to receive with many grains of allowance, and with a most critical and imploring look to the context in quest of whatever alleviations may be found in the shape of figurative language or restraining clause. . . . In their convulsive attempts to get away from the torturing conclusion to which the plain testimonies of God's Word must clearly shut them up, men forget that the most grievous sin of idolatry is idolatry itself; that this is the prolific, polluted source of the abominations and defilements which the

blood of Christ was shed to wash away, and that heaven is not shut against the unregenerate so much because they are guilty as because they are unholy.

"Sir, did the Church really believe the gospel to be as necessary to the heathen as it is to us, there would be, at once and forever, an end to her guilty repose.

"They who give full credit to such truths do not sleep over them. It would be easier to find rest in our beds above the throes of an earthquake. The agonies of Laocoon and his children, dying in the coils of the serpent, were but pastime compared with those of the Church, until she had either unlocked herself from the grapple of this tremendous conviction, or disburdened her conscience by a faithful consecration of her energies to the work of rescuing the world from its doom.

"And yet it is true, if the Bible is true, that while we dwell in peace, under our own vine and fig-tree, lifting up our songs of praise in the full city, and making vocal the green hills and valleys of our Christian land with the echoes of joyous thanksgivings to Him who hath redeemed us, bidding away the sorrows of life, and defying the terrors of death by a

sure trust in Christ, and bright, full-hearted anticipations of heaven,—it is true, sir, that the myriads of unevangelized men are passing into eternity without a ray of saving light. They perish, sir, they perish. They live without hope, and die without a Savior; and we, who are, for the good of the world, intrusted by Christ with the deposit and monopoly of His grace, withhold the only antidote for sin, and thus become, in no figurative sense, accessories to their guilt and woe."

Is it any wonder that Jesus commands us to go? Is it strange that Paul ran over every known continent, and was willing to be scourged through every known metropolis, saying, "I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some!"

The salvation of this world now awaits our action. What plans God might have chosen it is neither possible nor important for us to know. It is enough for us that He has completed His part of the work. On the cross He cried, "It is finished;" on the Mount of Ascension He gave the supreme command, and on Pentecost He gave the induement of power.

The work is committed to us. We are taken

into co-partnership with Him. We are laborers together with God. He has done all He can in His vineyard. Christ has died and is risen, and has poured forth the Spirit. The Bible is complete; the Church has the doctrines and experience of the New Testament. Now God says: "Go, and I will bring you off more than conquerors. Nothing shall by any means harm you." The universal reign of the Prince of Peace awaits our action. In nature He gives us possibilities, and requires us to work them up into actualities. He gives us germs, and expects us to secure the harvests. So in grace He has given us a Savior who died once for all, and He commands us to tell the good news to every creature.

Our business is TO TELL the good news to every creature. That is our part of the work; God's Spirit will see to the conviction of men by the truth, by the word of our testimony, and the heathen must take the responsibility of accepting or rejecting it. It is not for us to wait till each one to whom we tell the story repents and believes before we tell it to another. It is not a reaping-machine that must cut every stalk as it comes before it reaches another. It is like the blessed sunlight,

Our Business, and "Home Heathen"

that drops upon all germs, giving all a chance to quicken. It is a government over agents. It only furnishes opportunities, opens doors. The agents themselves determine whether or not to enter in and be saved.

The disciples did not sit in Jerusalem till every inhabitant had been converted and joined the Church before they went elsewhere. Paul did not stay in Asia till all her millions had been saved before he went into Europe. He preached in the chief cities till, in a very general way, it could be said that all Asia had heard the truth; then God called him into Europe, to help the heathen there.

Some men are to-day misled by the idea of saving everybody at home before they teach those in the outer darkness. They think they must save the heathen around them. They forget that *there are no heathen in this country, nor in Christian lands,* except the few who are imported from heathen lands. It is not a question of piety, or of virtue, or of faith. It is only a question of *knowledge,* a question of *light.* These unsaved ones about us are bad enough. They are going to death, but they know better. They go to death *because they will.* They grow up with our Sun-

day-school children. They constantly see our churches. They suspend their labor one day in seven in honor of the Christian Sabbath. They are not heathen. They know better.

Comparative cost at home and abroad. It costs less for given results abroad in heathen lands than in the home Churches. It costs more than three times as much to secure a given number of conversions in the home fields as it does in the foreign. Study the logic of events. The Baptist Mission Union, in 1873, expended $239,417. The same year the Baptist Association of Long Island expended $236,000—almost the same sum. But the number of converts in the foreign field was eight times as great as in the home field. Converts in the Baptist Association of Southern New York that same year cost ten times as much as in the foreign field. In the Baptist Association of Black River, with no great cities and no great salaries, converts cost five times as much as in their foreign fields. *Cost.*

The Congregational Churches of Massachusetts, from 1840 to 1866, had an average annual net increase of five to each Church and five and a half to each pastor. Their foreign work in the same twenty-six years had an aver-

age annual net increase of twenty to each Church and of fourteen and a half to each pastor.

The Presbyterian Church, from 1825 to 1875, kept the advance in the number of her missionaries about even with the advance in the number of her ministers at home. But the net increase of members was, in the foreign field compared with the home, as three and a half to one.

Relatively missions do not cost much. England is the great missionary nation. She gives about $6,000,000 per year to foreign missions. She wastes on rum $750,000,000; and her annual income, as the Lord Mayor told us recently in the great Exeter Hall Missionary anniversary, is from $50,000,000,000 to $60,000,000,000. Foreign missions cost her only one thousandth of one per cent of her income. The United States waste on liquor $600,000,000 a year. We all give to foreign missions less than $3,000,000 a year,—one-half of one per cent.

Cost of maintaining the Missionary Society. It is sometimes said that it takes a dollar to carry ten cents to the heathen. But the facts are, that in the Missionary Society of the

Methodist Episcopal Church, *of every dollar given for missions, a little more than ninety-nine cents goes to the mission-fields.*

The cost of collecting and disbursing all her funds draws upon the collections less than one per cent. This is made possible by two facts: 1. We have from eight to ten thousand Methodist preachers who collect this money for *nothing,* and for this privilege give, as a rule, in proportion to their ability, five times as much as the principal laymen in their charges. 2. The whole expense is about two and a half per cent; but two-thirds of this is paid by the rent of the building on the corner of Eleventh Street and Broadway, which was not given as a missionary donation, nor for the support of missions.

It pays in dollars and cents. The Sandwich Islands still illustrate this statement. It cost $1,220,000 to Christianize the Sandwich Islands. But now we receive back every year about $5,000,000 in commerce.

An immigrant is worth to this country the same as the introduction of $800 in capital. A single missionary in the South Sea Islands is worth to the commerce of England about $10,000 per year. God is urging us by every

encouragement and inducement to do our utmost in this cause to which He gave His Son. Under this pressure of Divine command behind us, and of the providential inducement before us, with every field open and calling, we can not but ask, Are we doing our best, or as nearly our best as can be reasonably expected of us?

Our Field Larger than Our Availability.

The call of the General Committee has heretofore exceeded the response of the Church. It has given us a deficiency in our treasury. We are alarmed at the widening discrepancy between what the General Committee have asked and what they have received. This gulf must not become impassable.

It is not all bad to encounter a deficiency. It is worth something to have the Church richer in faith than in money. It would argue great lack of confidence for the Church to confine her plans to money actually in hand. She would be more like a pawnbroker, who will advance only a small per cent of actual value, than like a confident child who has the paternal assurance that it shall be unto him according to his faith. Thus, while the General Committee faced this deficiency, they also

heard the call from every field for advance movements.

The General Committee, at its last session, spent days in prayerful and anxious study, seeking to determine which of the pressing needs of our missionary fields to postpone, and how to make the limited available means do the most possible.

In every heathen field many unentered doors are open, and from every one comes the cry for help. Populous cities, where the gospel is never preached, are inviting our missionaries to send them some one to teach them the way of life.

The nations of Europe, whose immigrants are coming to fill our Western States and Territories, are crowding the places of worship which we open in those old lands with their poor and soul-hungry multitudes, and our superintendents are begging for a little more money with which to push their work.

The South is now open. Methodism, with a gospel for the poor man, white or black, can go anywhere with her Northern ideas and New Testament experience. The West, filling up with youth and enterprise from the East, is annually building towns by the hun-

dred, while hundreds of thousands of settlers are seeking homes and planting the great States of the near future.

In these vast and open fields our brethren are working on the merest pittance, and perpetuating the heroic age of Methodism. From information gathered in our office from these home fields, we believe that a thousand additional workers, preachers, teachers, and Bible-readers could be advantageously used in these fields, in places where they are greatly needed, where the people would now do something for themselves, and where we might soon have self-supporting societies, if we only had $150,000 more to expend in this part of our work.

Looking at the work, even the most timid would give the order to advance. And looking the other way, at our contributions, one is constrained to repeat the order. We have room before us. We have not yet exhausted our resources. In view of the great demand, it gives us hope that we have not yet exhausted our resources. We have vast reserve power.

The following table, condensed from the most valuable work of Dr. Dorchester, "The Problem of Religious Progress," the advanced

sheets of which we have been permitted to study, is suggestive. We still have room for improvement. Much as we are doing, these figures demonstrate that we may safely press toward the front.

It must be borne in mind that the showing of benevolence per member for each year is above the fact. The average yearly contribution is divided, not by the average membership of the decade, but by the membership of the first year of the decade; so that the average is more than it ought to be. But this work is no injustice to any denomination in comparison with others, as all are treated alike. Thus we are credited with fifty cents per member, when our actual average for 1880 is less than thirty-two cents.

We are not as wealthy as some of the older denominations. But we are far wealthier than our Methodist Episcopal brethren in Canada or the English Wesleyans, who give twelve times as much for foreign missions as we do, and nearly five times as much for foreign missions as we give for every benevolence.

Our Hindu brethren, recently converted from heathenism, receive from $2 to $4 per

Denominations	No. of Members in 1850	Contributions to Foreign Missions 1850-59.	Annual Average per Member, 1850-59, F.M.	Contributions to Home Missions 1850-59. ‖	Annual Average per Member, 1850-59, H.M.	Total Home and Foreign Missions 1850-59.	Annual Average per Member, F. & H.M.
Presbyterians (O. S. and N. S.)*..	347,551	$1,772,873	$0 86	$1,624,939	$0 47	$3,397,812	$1 33†
Congregationalists	197,197	3,140,811	84	2,168,217	1 10	5,309,028	1 94†
Methodist Episcopal Church.....	693,811	785,357	12	1,576,714	23	2,262,091	35
Protestant Episcopal Church.....	89,859	559,435	62	463,204	51	1,022,639	1 13
Reformed (Dutch) Church.....	33,780	.....	....	139,490	41	139,490	41†
Northern Baptists‡.....	296,614	1,061,608	36	441,762	15	1,543,370	51
Southern Baptists‡.....	390,193	226,606	6	266,356	7	592,962	13
Evangelical Association.....	21,371	30,000	14	120,000	56	150,000	70
United Brethren.....	50,450	.....	9	88,804	18	.....	27
Southern Presbyterians.....	.....	.....	....	.....	....	.....	....
United Presbyterians.....	.....	.....	....	.....	....	.....	....
Disciples	.....	.....	....	27,714	2	27,714	2
Y. M. C. A.....	.....	.....	....	908,000	....	.....	....

Denominations	No. of Members in 1870	Contributions to Foreign Missions 1870-79	Annual Average per Member, 1870-79, F.M.	Contributions to Home Missions 1870-79 ‖	Annual Average per Member, 1870-79, H.M.	Total Home and Foreign Missions 1870-79,	Annual Average per Member, F. & H. M.
Presbyterians (O. S. and N. S.)*..	446,561	$4,299,396	$0 96	$4,436,749	$0 99	$8,736,145	$1 95
Congregationalists	306,518	4,629,597	1 51	6,155,875	2 08	10,785,472	3 59
Methodist Episcopal Church.....1,376,327		3,402,307	25	3,424,757	25	6,827,064	50
Protestant Episcopal Church.....	207,762	1,108,647	53	2,170,060	1 04	3,278,607	1 57
Reformed (Dutch) Church.....	61,444	638,396	1 02	278,516	45	916,912	1 47
Northern Baptists‡.....	495,099	2,463,126	50	2,116,763	44	4,579,889	94
Southern Baptists‡.....	790,252	356,326	4½	237,655	3	593,981	7½
Evangelical Association.....	73,566	132,000	18	528,000	72	660,000	90
United Brethren.....	118,936	542,340	26	630,290	53	172,630	79
Southern Presbyterians.....	82,014	434,688	53	412,721	50	847,409	1 03
United Presbyterians.....	69,805	542,340	77	318,142	46	860,482	1 23
Disciples	.....	.....	....	600,157	12	600,157	12
Y. M. C. A.....	.....	.....	....	6,773,082	....	.....	....

* The contributions of 1850-59 were those of Old School. The New School united with the Congregationalists in supporting the A. B. C. F. M. Since 1870 both Old School and New School have contributed to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. The discriminations have been made in the above figures. † Members and contributions of O. S., N. S., Congregationalists, and Dutch Reformed, all reckoned where they gave. ‡ Divided on the basis of General Connections, North and South. ‖ Includes Freedmen's Aid.

month. Out of this they board themselves and support their families. Yet from their hungry poverty they give, not including what the ministers give, to missions, to carry the gospel to other heathen, an average of thirty cents apiece. We give from our great salaries and our great fortunes and great farms, from our great rich Church, thirty-one cents each. Surely we have not reached the limit of our ability. There is great hope in our reserve power. All we need is the breath of God to make this Church of ours march into the darkness of Paganism, and, like the angels, illumine the darkness with its very presence. Let us pray for this breath. Hitherto we have asked nothing. Let us ask according to the demands of the work, and according to the power of our God. Let our Methodism give a million dollars a year.

Success.

The success of modern missions is the marvel of history. We occasionally hear complaints about the vast outlay and small returns, just as we hear men talking about the decline of Christianity. These complaints are born either of ignorance or of an evil desire. The growth of the missions of this century surpasses all other ages of the Christian

Church. Indeed this century is pre-eminently the missionary century. It rises out of gross darkness. The generation preceding the revival of this spirit was noted for skepticism, formalism, and immorality. Protestantism had apparently passed into a rapid decline. Hume, Gibbon, Paine, and Voltaire were more sought and read than Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. In a short period, scarcely more than a decade long, five million seven hundred and sixty-eight thousand nine hundred volumes of the works of Voltaire and of other infidels were sold on the Continent, while less than five million copies of the Bible had been produced in all languages for all the centuries. But as soon as the Church began to do the saving work, and thus demonstrated the Savior's presence in the world, a new spirit gave her new life, and she has gone straight on from conquering to conquest, till the present is the brightest hour in the world's history.

In 1800 there were only seven Protestant Foreign Missionary Societies; in 1880 there are seventy, besides sixteen Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies. Then there were only one hundred and seventy ordained mission-

aries; now there are about seven thousand ordained ministers in mission-fields, who are directing the labors of forty-five thousand helpers, lay and clerical, in twenty thousand stations and sub-stations. In 1800 there were about fifty thousand converts and adherents; now there are over one million converts, with about three million five hundred thousand adherents. In 1878 there came into the Protestant Mission Churches, in that single year, sixty thousand converts. In 1800 there were seventy schools; now there are twelve thousand, with seven hundred and fifty thousand pupils. In 1800 all Protestantism gave for foreign missions less than $250,000; in 1879 she gave over $8,000,000.

In 1878 Dr. Legge, long a missionary in China, said: "Suppose the number of converts in China to increase for the next thirty-five years as it has in the last thirty-five years,—then, in 1913, we shall have in China alone twenty-six million communicants and one hundred million professedly Christian people."

Take down the map of the world, and trace in light the regions that have been captured for Christ since 1850, and you will find these

modern additions more than had been gained in the five hundred years preceding.

Follow the path of the Bible, and you will find a path that grows brighter and brighter, and is rapidly approaching the perfect day. In the beginning of this century there were but fifty languages into which the Bible had made its way in three thousand three hundred years. Since 1800 it has created seventy languages to carry its inspiration, and has enriched, in all, nearly three hundred, with one hundred and fifty million copies.

Launch your timid craft in the stream of modern missionary benevolence. It is like the stream which the prophet saw flowing out from under the altar. It is not yet up to a man's loins, but it is much more than ankle deep. And it sweeps on with such a mighty current that nothing can resist it. The aggregate of moneys raised in the United States for foreign and home missions, told in decades, shows the stately presence of the King:

From 1810-20	$206,210
From 1820-30	979,544
From 1830-40	5,133,855
From 1840-50	7,925,270
From 1850-60	16,167,822
From 1860-70	33,509,494
From 1870-80	48,661,681

One can hardly study these figures and believe that the spirit of missions is dying out. From 1840 to 1860 the contributions were two and a half times greater than all that preceded them from the *Mayflower* down to 1840. Again, from 1860 to 1880, the contributions are more than two and a half times all that preceded 1860. At this rate the mission cause will die only when all shall know the Lord, from the least even to the greatest.

This great growth is rapidly illumining the earth. In the Fiji Islands, fifty years ago, the inhabitants feasted on human flesh. To-day there are twenty-five thousand communicants, and out of one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants one hundred and two thousand are regular attendants upon Church. In 1810, in the Friendly Islands, there was not a Christian. To-day there are eight thousand communicants and twenty thousand worshipers. In 1860, in Madagascar, there were only a few hundred fugitive Christians. To-day the queen and her prime minister and over two hundred and fifty-three thousand of her subjects are adherents, with more than seventy thousand communicants. A century ago Captain Cook brought to light Polynesia,

with its twelve thousand islands, heathen to the last degree. To-day it is nearly all Christianized.

The Triumph in Our Day. The Prophet of Nazareth is setting up His kingdom. It has been a long and hard contest. And the end is not yet; but the brightness of His universal kingdom gilds the near future. It is not too much for us to hope for it in our day. See the growth of Christianity. We give the numbers of people under nominal Christian governments as distinguished from Pagan governments. The first three centuries represent more nearly the Church adherents:

First century	500,000
Second century	2,000,000
Third century	5,000,000
Fourth century	10,000,000
Fifth century	15,000,000
Sixth century	20,000,000
Seventh century	25,000,000
Eighth century	30,000,000
Ninth century	40,000,000
Tenth century	50,000,000
Eleventh century	70,000,000
Twelfth century	80,000,000
Thirteenth century	75,000,000
Fourteenth century	80,000,000
Fifteenth century	100,000,000
Sixteenth century	125,000,000
Seventeenth century	155,000,000
Eighteenth century	200,000,000

It took fifteen hundred years to secure one hundred million nominal Christians. And it required three hundred years more to double the number, making two hundred million in 1800. But three-quarters of a century more, —namely, in 1876—the number had gone up to six hundred and eighty-seven million. It is easy to see that a quarter of a century more will give us *all* millions. It is not too much to hope for it in our day.

Protestantism and Romanism.

There is great inspiration in the fact that this great advancement is made by Protestantism rather than by Romanism. The total receipts of the Lyons Propaganda, from its origin (1822) to 1879, collected from all parts of the world, is $36,943,935. Total receipts of Protestant Foreign Missionary Societies, $270,000,000. Of this $200,000,000 is the gift of the last thirty years. The Roman Catholics of the British Isles gave to foreign missions in 1879, $40,560. Protestants of the same land and year, and for the same purpose, $5,392,830. Roman Catholics in the United States gave for foreign missions in 1879, $15,000. Protestants of the United States, for the same year, gave to foreign missions $2,-

623,618. These figures tell who is doing the saving work, and who ought to grow.

The following table, showing the population under Roman Catholic, Greek, and Protestant governments, shows which is actually growing:

Year.	Roman Catholic.	Greek.	Protestant.	Total.
1500, . .	80,000,000	20,000,000	. . . . .	100,000,000
1700, . .	90,000,000	33,000,000	32,000,000	155,000,000
1830, . .	134,164,000	60,000,000	193,624,000	387,788,000
1876, . .	180,787,905	96,101,894	408,569,612	685,459,411

Surely these columns are moving in the right direction.

It is sometimes claimed that this rush toward Protestantism is a rush too far, and that we lose in conviction more than we gain in freedom. But a careful study of the faiths of the English-speaking peoples answers all doubts.

In 1800 there were twenty-four million English-speaking people, of whom fourteen million were Protestant, five million five hundred thousand were Roman Catholic, and four million five hundred thousand were of no faith. In 1880 there were eighty-one million English-speaking people, of whom fifty-nine million were Protestant, thirteen million five

hundred thousand were Roman Catholic, and but eight million five hundred thousand were of no faith. The English-speaking population increased in eighty years three hundred and thirty-seven per cent, the Roman Catholic only one hundred and forty-five per cent, while the Protestant increased four hundred and twenty-one per cent, and those of no faith less than one hundred per cent. These figures are not alarming. This is particularly so when we see the leading skeptics "hearkening back," saying, "We were steadied by what our mothers taught us from the rejected Bible; but what will steady our children?"

The Church figures in this country are cheering. In 1800 there was one communicant for every 14.50 inhabitants; in 1850, one for 6.57; in 1870, one for 5.74; in 1879, one for every 5.15. Surely we can give thanks to God, and go boldly for the conquest for all heathenism.

In 1760, in a little room in Geneva, Voltaire boastingly said, "Before the beginning of the nineteenth century Christianity will have disappeared from the earth." Could the poor man stand in that little room to-day he would take up one of the Bibles there offered

for sale, and turning to Isaiah's inspired page, he would say, "By the end of the nineteenth century Christianity shall fill the whole earth, for 'the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.'"

A century ago France rejected God, and Captain Cook found the Sandwich Islanders, who did not know God. In 1872 the children of those heathen, touched by the gospel, sent $2,000 to relieve the sufferings that had come upon the children of those infidels in France.

"There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea."

The gospel is building up characters in the midst of heathenism that do honor to any age of martyrs.

The Rev. Mr. Whitehead, in the address already referred to on page 199, gave the following incident, showing what heroic men the converted heathens are:

"Another man, the keeper of the Confucian temple at Potlan, an ancient town on the Canton East River, received the Scripture from a colporteur of the London Missionary Society; he was baptized by Dr. Legge; he at once gave up his employment, and among his

acquaintances and friends appointed himself as a Scripture reader; he was a sort of moving conscience among the Chinese. He went about the streets of the city, and into the interior, with boards upon his back bearing texts of the Holy Scripture; and so abundantly were that man's labors honored that in about three years a hundred persons were ready to receive Christian baptism. So mightily grew the Word of God, and prevailed, that in a short time excitement began to appear, and then hostility, and then persecution broke out; Christians were driven from their villages, and their property plundered. This man was taken, and twice within forty-eight hours was had up before the mandarins to account for his conduct, and he was called upon to recant. This he steadfastly refused to do. They, therefore, tried what torture would do, and suspended him by the arms through the night. The next morning he was brought forth, pale, wan, feeble, almost ready to drop, for a second trial, still resolved to cleave to the Bible and to Christ, and he ventured to express the hope that his persecutors and judges might some day accept the new

doctrine. This was too much for them; they rushed upon him, like the judges of Stephen, 'with one accord,' and killed him on the spot by repeated blows with their side-arms, and threw him into the river. Thus perished one of China's first Protestant martyrs."

The mission work is a great work. It is rising rapidly toward completion. Jesus is claiming His own. Soon all kingdoms shall be His. The Christian Churches are out in force. Nothing shall long withstand them. Brother, turn back to the table of missionary benevolence of the different Protestant Churches, and study our record in comparison with the records of the other denominations. Are you satisfied with it? Are we doing our even share of this great work? When the Master comes, can we meet Him with the conviction that we have done what we could? Let us pray God that our great Methodism may stand in her lot and place in such a noble way that the King will be assured that He can ask anything of her in this mighty conquest.

Brother, with your hand on your headstone, your eye on the judgment throne, and your

heart naked and open to the Allseeing Eye, answer this question: Will you not do for this cause what God requires of you?

How to Raise the Money.

It is not enough to say that "the way to raise missionary money is to raise it." It is necessary to be more specific. It is trite to say, "Apply the Plan laid down in the Discipline," but it is good advice.

In advancing this great cause you must distribute the sum to be raised over a greater number of contributors. The Plan does this. If you have never applied it, you will find its application much more simple and easy than you expect. Select a few persons, men or women; give to each a collector's book, and distribute the names of the members of the Church and congregation among these collectors, and ask them to secure a contribution either weekly, monthly, or quarterly, from each person on their lists. The old givers will not fall back, but many new ones will be added, and the total result will be much in advance of any previous year, while no one will be hurt.

A brother in one of the seaboard Conferences was sent to a poor charge in a city. It agreed to pay him $1,200. Many doubted

their ability to carry such a load. The brother adopted the Plan of the Discipline. Everybody gave a little all the time. At the end of the year he had received his $1,200, and he took to Conference $1,700 for missions, and no one was harmed.

A brother in the New England Conference had a church almost swallowed by a great debt. By almost superhuman exertions he raised the money and pledges to pay the debt. But to do it he was obliged to "give the heathen the go-by." This did not seem right, so he appointed six women to apply the Plan in the Discipline. Among these women he distributed the names of the members. They went about with much fear and trembling to glean a little, and give those who wanted to give a chance. At the end of the year he had raised in this way more than twice as much as the year before, and nobody was hurt.

Bishop Harris tells of a case he met when he was Missionary Secretary. The pastor of a certain Church had two hobbies which he rode alternately; sometimes one in the morning, and the other at night; sometimes one, one Sabbath, and the other the next. One hobby was Missions, and the other was Sanc-

tification. Good steeds to drive together. Neither works well in single harness. One becomes Pharisaism and the other fanaticism when driven alone. The first Sabbath the pastor was at the charge he preached his first sermon on missions. And at night he preached again on missions. Before dismissing the evening congregation he asked the membership to tarry for a few moments after the benediction, for he wished to make a few remarks on missions. The Church tarried, and he announced that on a certain evening there would be a concert of prayer for missions, and that Dr. A. and Rev. Mr. B. would speak on certain fields. At the end of the year the collection for missions was much more than doubled, and every other interest had advanced with it.

Apply the Discipline to that last man, and Methodism will give more than a million dollars a year. God hasten the day!

V.

HOME AND HEATHEN MISSIONS CONTRASTED.

[At Rock River Conference in 1869 Dr. Fowler was appointed to preach the Conference Missionary Sermon the following year. At the session in 1870 he preached this sermon. It was published in full in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate.* The careful study of the subject and the preparation of this sermon made Dr. Fowler forever afterward an enthusiast for foreign as well as home missions.]

"Then Paul and Barnabas waxed bold, and said, It was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken to you: but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles; for so hath the Lord commanded us, saying, I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles, that thou shouldest be for salvation unto the ends of the earth."—Acts xiii, 46, 47.

Let Paul and Barnabas stand for the Christian Church; let the Jews to whom they spoke stand for the called or civilized peoples of the world; let the Gentiles represent the heathen; let the actual exaltation of Christian people be fairly stated in saying that they "are set to be a light to the nations;"

and let our obligation be measured by God's requirement that we should "be for salvation unto the ends of the earth." Thus we are, without introduction, in the midst of our theme, *"Turning to the Gentiles."*

The work to which we thus turn deserves our support on account of its very vastness. It gratifies ambition by the breadth of its field, by the skill needed for its achievement, by the power developed in its prosecution, and by the immortality secured in its triumph. It excites the cupidity of calculation by the harvests that shall wave on its deserts, by the mines that shall be opened in its recesses, by the gems that shall glisten in its gloom, by the crafts that shall carry its commerce, by the anvils that shall ring out its industry, by the spindles that shall sing of its activity, by the constitutions that shall control its countless communities, and by the governments that shall guard its garnered gains. It fires the zeal of sacrifice by the darkness it shall dispel, by the superstitions it shall strangle, by the cruelty it shall crush, by the ignorance it shall inhibit, by the crime it shall correct, and by the despotisms it shall doom. It fans the flame of devotion by the anguish it shall

assuage, by the sorrow it shall comfort, by the blessings it shall bestow, by the light it shall disseminate, by the hope it shall inspire, by the purity it shall beget, by the heaven it shall bequeath. In 1534, Ignatius Loyola, the wounded soldier of Pampeluna, consecrated himself to the work of staying the German Reformation, and of evangelizing the world in the interests of the Roman See. The very magnitude of the enterprise lifted the soldier into the saint, and attracted about him the forces that to-day in the order of the Jesuits control all the millions of Romanists. In 1540, Francis Xavier set himself apart to the work of saving the Indies. He measured himself against all obstacles, and found nothing impossible to his purpose. He became as great as his work, and by it was lifted into victory. In twelve years he preached in the Indies, in Japan, and in China, planted Romanism in forty-two kingdoms, and baptized a million subjects. The secret of his power was the transforming power of the greatness of his enterprise. By this same law our mission work, taking "the world for the field," exalts us into conquerors, and contains in its vastness the prophecy of victory.

Mission work is demanded by the very spirit of our age.

Does this mission work need a defense? It is at hand in the *very spirit of our age.* This is an aggressive time. Thought leaps out of all restraints and runs with the burning torches of its inquiry into the unexplored regions beyond each science. Books publish from the housetops all secrets. Art has a new robe and a new life with every new moon. New peoples rise into the problems of political economy with every season. New churches appear above the horizon of faith with every Sabbath. New engines revolutionize military tactics with every war. Everything is pushing toward the outer verge of things. Christianity can not stand still, can not be other than aggressive, can not be other than missionary. An old mummy Paganism, wearing the turban and sandals of Abraham's day, may be shut in by its native hills or rivers; but the living gospel of this living age, having in it the Divine and imperative "Go" of the Prophet of Nazareth, must overleap all streams and all seas, and take the world in the embrace of its purpose, or it must cease to be the religion of this living time.

Mission work is the very spirit of Christianity itself.

Does the mission work still need defense? *Its defense is the defense of Christianity itself.* Originally and of necessity to be anything, Christianity must needs be purely missionary. It is Divine truth breaking into a heathen world. Christ comes as a missionary. Christ is one sent. He comes needed but uninvited. He crowds Himself upon the race when nothing awaits Him but a manger and a cross. He patiently intrenches in a hostile world, and undertakes its subjugation. He is seeking the lost, calling not the righteous but sinners to repentance. We are to have His spirit. Thus the New Testament Church is the mightiest missionary society ever launched upon the sea of the centuries. If your heart is too narrow and local to take in this mission work, look well to it. CHRIST ALWAYS STAYS OUT WITH HIS CAUSE.

Mission work is necessary to Christian life.

Does this mission work still need defense? It is ready in the fact that *it is necessary to Christian life.* "Freely ye have received" is followed in the same Divine breath by "freely give." The gift and the duty are inseparable.

God's government of souls, like His government of worlds, is through agencies. When He conquers a people He mans the fortresses and conscripts the forces, not by outside compulsion, but by inside impulsion. When a soul touches Him it is healed. When healed it straightens up. When it straightens up it proclaims His glory. The moment a soul touches the Rock, it can not but call to the struggling swimmers in the surf. In the old days, when courageous and desperate men went with their teams across the plains to California, one poor man made the journey on foot. A gentleman who went with teams and abundance told me that this man skirted their train for weeks. At last they struck the Alkali Desert, where so many found disaster and death. By dint of hard driving they crossed and camped, and were leisurely eating a good supper on the bank of a stream when this footman walked by to the river. He drank and returned to the wagon. They invited him to eat. He declined, but asked to borrow a rubber bucket. He was covered with the Alkali dust, and his hair was matted. His hat was gone. His shoes were gone. His bare feet were sore and bleeding. His tongue

was still swollen. His lips were parched and cracked. His bare teeth were still begrimed with the sand. They asked him where he was going. He pointed to the awful desert of death, and said, "There are men dying there, and I must go to them." So when a poor soul, wandering on the desert of sin, footsore and bruised and famishing, reaches and drinks of the fountain of Eternal Life, the first and imperative impulse is, "There are dying men yonder, and I must go to them." This inheres in Christian life. Resist the Divine impulse, and you die. This makes the missionary work a necessity.

Our Marching Orders.

Does this mission work still need a defense? The final appeal is to our Great Commander. A missionary once asked the Duke of Wellington concerning a certain mission-field, what he thought of the chances of success. The Iron Duke took down his Bible, and, turning to the words of Jesus on Mount Olivet, read: "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations;" and then said, "Here are your marching orders." So we must listen to our Great Commander. *Listen to His order.* His word is above appeal. In the

hour of holy communion with the Church, He says, "My Father hath sent Me; even so send I you." Yonder, above Olivet, overlooking the Holy City, in the presence of His believing followers, with His hands outspread in benediction, as the summit of Olivet sinks beneath His feet, and the disciples gaze in adoring awe, and chariots of light await His bidding, and unnumbered angels watch His ascent, in just this supreme moment of all history, His last word, His richest, life-giving blessing falls upon the Church. "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." This is the end of controversy. This work must be done.

Domestic Missions.

Startled by this ever-pleading and imperative voice, crying "Go," we spring to our feet, and look about us asking, Where? The first thing we see is that the wall over against our own doors is down. This brings us face to face with the *Domestic Missions.* This is the popular work of the Church. This needs

no defense. It is so enthroned and enshrined that it can not be defamed. The old weakness that would stumble along by sight rather than soar by faith, cries out for the home work and visible results. The infidel scoff about "woolen shirts for South Sea Islanders" finds such response that we feel like apologizing when we attempt anything beyond the home work. This field is important.

Argument for Domestic Missions.

Its argument is compact and available. *As a business transaction it does not seem so expensive* as the foreign work. The money is exchanged for direct endeavors. It is said that one dollar here will go farther than ten dollars over the sea. Here the missionaries preach in their *mother-tongue.* They are familiar with every accent. They are molded into the very customs of the people whom they would serve. They are fairly steeped in the modes of thinking which they need to use. *They are free from all the prejudices* that hedge up the way of the foreigner. They can measure their full strength in their special work. They can take all the advantages of position. They can launch their crafts in any stream of social feeling, and run them into the very heart of the people. Here

the whole spirit of society is on their side. The public institutions, the Sabbath, the churches and schools, the entire atmosphere of the country, the deep and universal moral sentiment,—all these are allies. All these prepare conviction. They lay the moral magazine that waits the fire of the Word to lift men out of their sins. If, with all these aids, we fail here, we need not go abroad. If thou hast run with footmen, and they have wearied thee, how canst thou contend with horses?

Besides all this, *the work is at our very doors.* We can not go to our meals without passing through this whitened harvest. There is no shrinkage of time consumed in long sea-voyages, nor of life wasted in contending against foreign malaria, nor of money extorted for foreign exchange. But the work is here, is open, is among our children and neighbors, builds up our Churches, shows immediate fruits.

More than this, *all our national interests are involved.* We are at the confluence of nearly all the great races. Into the basin of the New World all the streams of life are flowing. They come with every variety of prejudice and ignorance. They must be evan-

gelized and digested, or we must sink. We seem to be providentially a home mission people. What we do here goes to strengthen our own country. What we do in India builds up England. What we do in China will build up all the nations entering the open door. What we do in Africa strengthens France. What we do in Germany strengthens Prussia. What we do in Turkey will ultimately fortify Russia, or France, or England. Thus all our foreign work strengthens only foreign nations, except what we do in China, where we reap a part of the advantage; and these foreign nations tolerate our Government because they fear our power. Other nations may go into the foreign work as we go into the home, and secure the results.

Argument Re-enforced.

These positive arguments for the domestic missions are re-enforced by the *difficulties in the way of the foreign work.* Each missionary is bottled up in an unknown tongue. He can look upon his subjects in their need, but can not speak to them. It takes months to get the cork out. Then the work usually lays its corner-stones in the *coffins of its messengers.* It has to learn the secret of the enemy's tactics and weapons by studying the wounds of

the fallen. Remedies for the strange plagues have to be discovered by experiment upon dying victims. *Greed of gain outruns zeal for souls.* Commerce precedes Christianity, sin crowds in before righteousness. Thus the bad lives of nominal Christians prejudice the heathen against us. We appear as a race of slave-stealers, or empire-founders. We are known as desolators, or as conquerors. The heathen take their religion with their birthplace, and it is hard for them to distinguish between mere citizens and actual saints. Then, in much of the foreign field, in India, we are confronted by the walls of *caste.* These are as old as their religion. They are in the ancient codes. These social walls are older than the covenant with Abraham promising blessings to all nations in his seed. They have defied the spear of the Mussulman and the cannon of the Briton. They make martyrdom or exile the conditions of accepting Christianity. In the hands of the Brahmins, the educated priests, *caste* is made the foundation of government. Though opposed to natural justice, this system holds its sway by giving dignity to the higher orders, and immunity to the lower. Thus it has fed

on the national blood and brain for forty centuries. This confronts us as we enter India. And many a poor, filthy, besmeared, naked, ignorant, starving fakir, with a circle drawn around him in the dust, and with a lump of filth for an idol in his hands, would rather die than be touched by the fairest hand of Christendom, or of any other lower caste. In China we do not meet *caste,* but we meet a corresponding bigotry. China is the *Celestial* Empire. Her pedigree runs back to the divinities. The mighty dead had neither railroads nor Christianity. So the reverential living do not ask for either. These difficulties add to the argument in favor of the domestic missions.

We turn to the Gentiles. I have endeavored fairly to put the entire case, as far as time will permit. I accept all that can be said for the home work. I give it a place in my prayers. In the presence of all this argument for the home work, I say with Paul and Barnabas, "It was necessary that the Word of God should first have been spoken to you." This has been done. The Word of God has been spoken in these civilized nations. They have been called. These whom we pursue

by this home work have been invited, and I add with the apostles, "Seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles." As the call of the Gentiles did not exclude the Jews, nor forsake them, but left the door open for all who would come, so our turning to the heathen does not abandon the home work, but continues the everlasting invitation. Let us now weigh the domestic and foreign missions in the scales together. It may be that the home work has been overestimated by us on account of our prejudices, or of its proximity, or of its building up our own Churches, or of its national value. I am not surprised when good men assail the foreign work in the interest of the home. Prejudice is strong with the best of us. Then, we can see a settlement on our circuits more clearly than a settlement in the valley of the Ganges, or on the banks of the Minn.

Cost. The argument of *cost* needs qualifying. We have been doing a preparatory work. We have been buying seed and labor for the springtime; the harvest is coming. But in actual results the figures are not discouraging. We spend in the home work $75,000,000

a year. All Churches spend in the foreign $5,000,000 a year. We have already six hundred and eighty-seven thousand converts in Africa, and seven hundred and thirteen thousand in Asia. Can the home work show as much in proportion to the investment?

Remoteness. The argument of *remoteness has lost its power.* When men say that the heathen are too far away, that we had better look after the work at home, I have simply to say that that objection belonged to the age of ox-teams and foot-postmen. This is an age of railroads and steamships and lightning. China has been moved into our State, into our county, into our neighborhood. I can visit our mission in Peking in about the same number of days it took you to come from Buffalo to this State, when some of you came. You can give me your subscriptions this morning, in this city, and I can put it into the missionary's hand in his station, fifteen hundred miles back from the coast of India, in twelve hours less than no time. So he will get it yesterday. I can take your money, and give you his receipt in less than forty minutes. Your draft given to-day can be cashed yesterday, before the bank closes. Distance is no longer an ele-

ment in the calculation. I agree with you, God is bringing the peoples to our shores, not by the thousand, by the shipload, as you think, but by the millions, by the continentful. China and India, nearer than the back end of your farm in damp weather, must be taken into the home and domestic work.

Language.

The element of *language* is not so startling as at first it seems. Any man, to carry on his work successfully, must soon study enough to master a foreign tongue. Commerce never stumbles at this stone. Shall the gospel? Pleasure often learns two or three tongues that it may sport in the saloons of Paris, or look upon the moonlit waves of Venice, or walk through the art galleries of Berlin. May not the apostle, under the Divine commission, seeking blood-bought souls, do as much? Often the exile learns the language of the stranger that he may have a home. May not the believer who has learned the language of Canaan, learn another that others may have an eternal home? Surely we seek an excuse when we would defend inactivity by this plea. Already the Bible is translated into the principal languages. It is read in over two hundred tongues and dialects. See

what multitudes read the principal languages. The Chinese is read by five hundred millions of people; the Arabic by one hundred and fifty millions; the Sanscrit, back of twenty-four of the twenty-nine languages of India and containing the classics of India, by one hundred and eighty millions; the English by about one hundred millions. There are in the world three hundred and sixty-three languages. More people read the Chinese than read any other language. Think of Simpson and Beecher preaching to half mankind! China has seventy thousand characters in her language. But only ten thousand are necessary in reading her classics or in translating the New Testament, and only two thousand are required for common business. This leaves a large margin of possibility. The Sanscrit possesses variety and pliability suiting it to the accurate expression of every shade of thought. It far surpasses the Hebrew for strength or the Greek for beauty. To pass over such a threshold into a literature that was classical long before Herodotus wrote the first history of Greece, or Homer sang the first song, or before Moses wrote the Pentateuch; a literature that had

astronomies and philosophies, and sacred books and classics, twenty-five hundred years old when the fathers of the English were running barefooted in the forests, with skins for clothes and clubs for weapons,—surely to pass over such a threshold into such a work, to such multitudes, is rather a stimulus than a discouragement. The languages of China and India only tempt the all-conquering energies of the powers renewed by the gospel.

Prejudice.

Take another point thought to be against the foreign work,—*prejudice*. This is melting in the light of better knowledge. In India native gentlemen send their sons to England and Europe to have them educated. They crowd them into every vacancy in the government service. They resort to all means to learn the English, the language of the conquerors. An Indian rajah of Calcutta has hired in his house, as an instructor, a Negro who was once a slave in Alabama. His qualification is his knowledge of the English language. When that language was emphasized upon his bare back in the rice-swamps by the driver's lash, little did he understand to what dignity it should exalt him. The sons of India crowd the halls of seventeen thousand

government schools, that they may learn the English and modern science. China is slow, but she is rising out of this prejudice. To-day she leans on the United States for defense. She looks to us for treaties and instruction. She has borrowed our statesmanship, and will borrow our religion. How is it in Turkey? The three great powers of Europe are engaged in a triangular struggle for this land. Populous, colonial, and naval England, reaching from the frontiers of China towards the Mediterranean, wants Turkey, thus to secure the short passage to her Oriental Empires. France, heroic, historically military, pushing her way into all Continents, desires Turkey, thus to gain the means of crippling her great rival of the Island. And boundless Russia, with one-seventh of the land of the earth under her flag, covets Turkey by a desire of nine centuries' growth. These powers keep each other in equipoise. England is Protestant, France is Catholic, Russia is Greek; neither can allow the missions of the other in Turkey. But all welcome us. So the prejudice of Turkey is for us. Thus prejudice that arrests the foreigner is everywhere in our favor. To say, "I am an American," secures respect and

protection in the streets of Peking, or on the banks of the Ganges, or in the mosques of Constantinople.

Cost, distance, language, and prejudice, felt to embarrass our foreign field, have, in the improvements and light of this decade, lost their power, and we are allowed to approach the comparison in its material and substantial elements. Our liberties, our institutions, our treaties, our commerce, our science, our good name, and our religion make us a light unto the Gentiles.

In touching these comparisons we must rise above the prejudices of nationality, above the attractions of local civilizations, and look upon the work from the standpoint of the great mind that is planning the salvation of all men, and is no respecter of persons. Let us see it as Christ's work, and as if we were even He, and had the world on our hearts, then we can better judge. Seen from this view the national argument is lost in the Christly love. As a citizen I am for America, as a Christian I am for Christ's kingdom. My character as Christian is, and must be, all dominating. All things second to Christ's cause. Earthly governments may rise or fall;

my first and constant care must be for the Church, the Lamb's Bride. From this standpoint we can compare the home and foreign work.

Areas Compared. Suppose we *put our domestic field down by the foreign, and* TAKE THEIR GIRTH. China is the third Empire of the world in size, and has actually twice the productive power of either Russia or Great Britain. It is about one-tenth of the earth's surface, is nearly one-third larger than the United States and Territories, and is nearly three times as large as the inhabited portion of our country. It is the finest belt of the world; has every variety of climate, soil, scenery, and products. Its ports and rivers rival any in the world. Its great river, Yang-tse, surpasses the Mississippi in size, length, and scenery. Two hundred miles above its mouth it is five miles wide and forty feet deep.

India is nearly as large as the United States proper. All the heathen territory is more then ten times the area of the United States. Taken as they come from the Almighty, the odds is still more against us. We can not forget that Asia, with the largest rivers, the highest mountains, the grandest scenery, the richest

valleys, the most numerous cities, and most populous kingdoms; the seat of vast empires, and of ancient literature; "the land where the first Adam sinned, and the second suffered; where Abraham received the covenant, and Moses the law,"—we can not forget that this Asia is one of the prizes for which we contend. In extent the argument is for the foreign work ten to one.

Population.

In *population* the answer is more astounding. The argument is short. Drop the United States with her forty millions into China, and she would hardly feel the addition of numbers. China, with the peoples reached through her, has five hundred millions; India, one hundred and eighty millions; Turkey, thirty-two millions; Arabia, eight millions; Africa, seventy-one millions. The result is for the foreign work about twenty to one. I wish we could grasp these awful figures, and get it upon our thought. Suppose all the people of New York City, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, and San Francisco, with all the people of all the New England States, and of all the Middle States, and of all the Southern States, of the States of Ohio, Illinois,

Missouri, and California,—suppose all the peoples of these twenty-five Commonwealths, with all their great cities, were crowded into the single State of Illinois: as we elbowed our way through we would be in population less dense than in the Chinese Province of Kiukiang, with its thirty-five cities, many of them larger than New York City. The entire population of the home field could be struck from the ranks of heathenism and not be missed. Let the heathen join hands, and they could belt the entire world thirty-two times. If you were introduced to each one, giving each forty seconds, it would take more than one thousand years to speak to them all. These figures are overwhelming. The argument is twenty to one for the foreign work. These figures only present the skirmish line of the argument.

Want. *The main body of the argument is in the law of demand, in the demand based upon actual want.* The greater the suffering, the greater the demand for relief. This, in morals, is an axiom. A mother leaves the child who may be only restless, that she may watch over the one that is at the crisis of a fever. A father leaves a child that merely

shivers in the rain, that he may rescue the one that is drowning in the surf. This is an imperative law. The greater the need, the greater the demand for help. Seen from the standpoint of the Savior, who is no respecter of persons, but who came to call, not the righteous, but sinners to repentance, there is no room left for argument. I am bold to say that the heathen work is to the home work, as one million to one.

Physical Conditions.

Take the case on a mere humanitarian basis, with no thought of eternity. *Contrast the physical conditions.* Read Bishop Kingsley's account of heathen cities and countries. There is not a railroad or telegraph or spring-wagon in all China. Her roads have not been repaired in two thousand years. Her streets are six feet wide, the avenues twelve. In the middle of the broad streets is the sewer, heaped up with filth six or ten feet high. In the narrow streets it is piled up to the eaves of their one-story houses; they have no other, save the government buildings. They have no pavements. At night they water the filthy streets with the filthy water of their filthy houses. A glue factory would be a deoderizer in any heathen city. China has vast stores of

coal, and wealthy mines, but she will not allow them to be worked, lest the evil spirit be insulted. She has territory, large enough for whole empires, open, productive, healthful, but sparsely inhabited, because she will not leave the graves of her ancestors. She swarms in about the old centers till she fairly rots. The old prisons, even before the days of Howard, were Edens compared to Chinese cities. There is no forward movement. Bishop Thomson sums up Chinese improvement, saying:

"You find windows without glass; farms without fences; wells without buckets; houses without chimneys; printing without types; streets without sidewalks; business without newspapers; exchange without banks; banks without charters; money paid by weight, as Abraham estimated his shekels; criminals punished by torture, as apostles were punished by the Sanhedrim; marriages effected by go-betweens, as Isaac obtained Rebecca; coolies standing idle in the market-places; the beggar on his knees; the poor man carrying his bed; living men occupying tombs; the most important events regulated by fortune-tellers; evil spirits warded off by charms; diseases attrib-

uted to devils, and cured by incantations; and eclipses ascribed to a giant."

Surely nothing can exceed their need of relief. They must have some power able to lift them out of their corruption and ancient disabilities, and thus open to them a better life. They have soil enough, but they do not use it. England has machinery equal to one million of men. France and the United States as much more. China could use five times as much, and thus multiply her resources and her relative supply. India is in the same condemnation, except as it is being modified by English enterprise. Is there a prison where a poor victim pines in pain over whom you weep? Here is a prison where six hundred millions at the extremity of physical and social deprivations barely exist, tortured by superstitions, robbed by priests, murdered by magistrates, enslaved by monsters, starved by prohibitions, and fairly decomposing by the diseases begotten of the filth and vileness, and God has brought them within a few days' journey of your very door, saying, "Look on My image and the purchase of My blood."

Religions.

Brothers, give me your thought, and let us compare these fields in their *religions*. The

religions of the world may be summed up in *four great families,* radically distinguished by their conceptions of the fundamental idea of God,—Buddhism, Brahmanism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity. I state, on the authority of Bishop Thomson, that Buddhism is accepted by three hundred millions of people; Brahmanism by one hundred and fifty millions; Mohammedanism by one hundred and eighty millions; Christianity by three hundred and sixty-nine millions. Buddhism is atheistic,—practically that there is no God: saying, "The Infinite can not be revealed to the finite." Brahmanism is pantheistic,—that everything is God. Mohammedanism is Deistic,—that there is but one God and no Savior. Christianity accepts God as revealed in His Word and Son. Buddhism ramified into eighty-four thousand sects, and Brahmanism divided into two hundred and seventy castes, are found chiefly in China and India, with three hundred and thirty millions of gods. Mohammedanism is found in Turkey, Arabia, Africa, and India. Christianity controls North America, South America, Europe, Northern Asia, British India, Oceanica, and other territory in Asia and Africa amounting

to as many square miles as that occupied by the United States. These systems are not mere names thrown by chance upon these millions. But they are systems with a pedigree and a posterity. The true God and His revelation to the infant race as recorded in the Bible, is the stalk on which all these systems grow. Buddhism and Brahmanism come out in the mythology of India. This degenerates into the mythologies of Egypt, Greece, and Rome. Mohammedanism is grafted on to the Bible, placing Mohammed above Christ, power above righteousness, and lust for heaven. Their posterity are among us. Buddhism is repeated in positivism, that rejects the facts of the supernatural and accepts only the facts of science. Brahmanism is New England pantheism. Carlyle and Emerson, asking us to worship great men, are only miniature Chinese with teachings more crude than that of the mandarins even long before the age when Balaam tried to prophesy against Israel. Mohammedanism is seen again in Mormonism and the vile impostor of the American Desert, as Bishop Thomson says: "Both admit the inspiration of the Scriptures; both superadd a false scripture, to which they give

precedence; both have a carnal prophet and polygamous people; both have a sanguinary and aggressive spirit." These are the systems.

Morals. The *morals* of these systems are exactly what we might expect. There is no literature in India fit for a lady to read. Travelers say it is to their credit that the women go to their temples at night, their service is so vile and revolting; and fortunate that they go veiled by day through their cities. Slavery is incorporated into their religion and government, and even yet defies the mandate of the British rulers. Prostitution is the almost general practice. There are said to be more prostitutes in India than there are women in the United States. Thuggee, consecrated and religious assassination to please a malignant goddess, is organized throughout India. Infanticide is commended in both China and India. The natural charities of the human heart are turned aside from legitimate objects. "They will stop an army to save an insect, wear out men in building hospitals for sick animals," hire beggars to lie quiet that vermin may feast upon them. Yet they trample their sisters and wives to death, burn their own mothers alive, strangle

their own daughters, assassinate their own fathers, and pray to devils. Mohammedanism is no better, but rather worse. They teach that God punishes the good and bad alike at His will. A believer's vilest sin is better than the prayers of an alien. They build magnificent tombs to harlots, as at Bijnour. They accept mosques built by the price of virtue, as at Seetapoor. These lands are full to the very brim with crimes for which we have no name, and seething with corruption of which we have no conception. True, there are great crimes in Christendom, but they shock and amaze mankind. The public sentiment is outraged and the public conscience demands public punishment. Our religion is against all these crimes. But the religion of heathenism incorporates these crimes into its creed, and commends and canonizes the criminals. Surely, on the mere basis of philanthropy, even without reference to the interests of eternity, the question is forever settled in favor of the foreign work. We are compelled with Paul and Barnabas to turn unto the Gentiles, that we may cast some light into their darkness and some hope into their despair.

The ratio of the saved keeps fairly equal

step with the amount of light disbursed. Let us glance at *the chances of salvation for these people.* Here the question becomes overwhelming. Heathenism offers its final wail on the brink of perdition! We start at the thought that these millions are going to death. We are not willing to measure our duty by such a standard. We think of Socrates, and of Plato, and of Plutarch, and of Confucius, and expect to meet them in heaven; and thus we console ourselves, and forget that we count these Pagan saints on our fingers, while the uncounted millions are living in corruption and dying in despair. We repeat the passage from St. Paul, that the heathen are a law unto themselves, to be judged without law; but we do not recall his accompanying statements in the first chapter of Romans of how fearfully they have failed. This to me is the amazing motive, the lostness of these millions. I do not say that all are inevitably lost. I know that "the Judge of all the earth will do right." I doubt not that a heathen obeying the dictates of the inner law would be saved. But they do not seem to obey that law. The heathen must have more light to increase their chances. We need to feel this as a fact. We

The Equation of Salvation.

hold the Bible with a too nerveless grasp. I would to God that you would ground your convictions on the Word of God! Then on the law of demand we must turn to the Gentiles.

These people at home have the gospel; enough to save them, if they will improve it. The churches are not sparse nor overcrowded. The kingdom is not full. These people have the truth. They know God, and the plan of salvation. That vagrant in the alley knows more about God and His way of salvation than the mightiest philosophers of India or China. These men of the border, where we are trying to plant the Church, are out of our homes and Sunday-schools, and if they never saw a minister, if they would they could organize and set on foot saving forces equal to their necessities. As under God's eye let us honestly ask ourselves, Are we not planning in our work too much for mere propagandism? Let us plan unselfishly for the salvation of the race. Those whom we pursue with the home work have had the Word of God spoken unto them. Before God I believe it is our duty to turn to the Gentiles, not shutting the door against our neighbors, but opening it to

all. On the great law of demand, there remains no room for doubt. Our home field, with its eight thousand ministers, two hundred thousand teachers for forty millions of people, is far in advance of our foreign work, as in China with less than one hundred ministers and teachers for five hundred millions of people.

Power of Missions.

The strength of our Missionary Society is in the Christly spirit that consecrates its treasures to the Lord, rather than in the calculation that would make everything gravitate around local and personal interests. I believe that a candid putting of the exact case of our work among the heathens before the mind, and upon the heart of the whole Church, will bring such a response as we have never yet had. The great fact on which I rely is, that these hundreds of millions are actually living in the vilest practices, and dying in all that corruption, and that we have the gospel, which is able to save them even to the uttermost. We have seen Him who came by the way of the world saving just such sinners, and we know He can save them.

And He is saving them. There are already signs of victory. Heathenism is dying out.

Ages ago their systems inspired art. But now they only drag the people down. All the noble works are hoary with centuries. China looks at her twenty-five thousand miles of wall and thinks only of her departed greatness. India steps into the cars of the conqueror, and sickens of the castes that could not save her even though she trusted them before there was any Briton, or any Gaul, or any Roman, or any Greek, or even any Egyptian. The iron horse of the Island Queen will startle the Indies from the slumber of ages. Awakened, they will see Christ and live. The soul of Burlingame will go from the palace of the Celestial Empire down among the crowded millions. They will open their eyes to see in his countrymen the missionaries of Christ. The work is firmly rooted in the rich soils of the East. Already six hundred and eighty-seven thousand converts are praying in Africa, and more yet in Asia. The progress of the last fifty years exceeds the progress of the first fifty of Christianity. Look at the advance of Christ's kingdom. At the end of the first century there were five hundred thousand believers; at the end of the third, five millions; of the tenth, fifty millions; of the fifteenth,

one hundred millions; in the middle of the nineteenth, three hundred and sixty-nine millions. We prophesy, "at the end of the twentieth, all millions."

Open your eyes. The temporal power of the Pope gone; France, his last support, struggling for liberty; Rome, his very seat, about to be the capital of a constitutional monarchy; Spain almost free; Protestant Prussia dominant; free America uncursed by a single slave; England moving in great reforms; China reading the Bible in her native tongue; Turkey open to missionaries; India listening to the glad news, and echoing the blessed footsteps of the apostle. The way is being prepared for His coming. The East is already brightening into the full morning. I look in trembling expectation toward the future. I can hear His coming footsteps. I am awed by His divine nearness. I bow as in His sacred presence. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. *Amen and Amen.*

VI.

THE FIELD.

[This address was delivered by Dr. Fowler as pastor of Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago, in 1872, the year following the great Chicago fire.]

THIS is an enterprise worthy of its Divine origin. It was always God's plan concerning us to give us the kingship of the world. He started us with dominion over all animals, and sent us forth into the world to dress and keep it. True, it is a poor keeping we have given it. God's garden has faded into our wilderness. The peaceful olive has fled before the threatening thorn; the delicate lily has given way for the coarse thistle; and the modest violet has ceased her smiling in the meadow to make room for the ambushing of the treacherous nettle. These are dim types of a mightier desolation that has been accomplished within, in the dimming of the intellectual faculties and the deranging of the moral perceptions. In the field as it now

presents itself the odds are vastly increased against us, so that every acre redeemed represents vastly more outlay of purpose and power than it could have done when the Garden was first committed to our great ancestor. Dimmed and enfeebled faculties, in a body waging a losing and fatal war against Death, struggling to subdue, not a garden of fruits and flowers, but a rock waste and a jungle, must make head slowly in this heavy tillage.

It need not be so wonderful that the field is not yet all seeded down to righteousness. There are yet vast regions unscratched by the gospel plowshare. Look over the world. On this Continent, where we think we see the richest harvest, away to the north natives sit in their ice-caves, wrapped in furs and feeding on oil, into whose hearts not one ray from the Sun of Righteousness has penetrated. A few villages have been turned into mission posts, but the great tribes are uncalled. Swing down through the northwestern belt, and through the great valley, and by the coast. The mass of the people are in deep Paganism. Drop down through the vast regions to the Gulf, cross the Isthmus, plunge on into the kingdoms and republics of South America.

You find a Christianity so paganized that it becomes an enemy of civilization and a hindrance to Christ's kingdom. What do we find in Africa? Here and there a mission house, now and then a weary evangel, but tens of millions who sit in darkness, not knowing that there is any light anywhere. Pass over into Asia. Make your way through the millions that follow the false prophet; ascend the Ural Mountains, look down upon half the human race in idolatry and lust. The field is not all occupied. The work is not all done. While an Esquimau watches for his seal without watching for the Lord; while a Sioux measures his glory by his scalps; while a devotee takes a wafer as the end of all revelation; while a Bushman bows to his toad, and a Hottentot to his viper; while a Mussulman expects a heaven of lust, and sees the arms of most beautiful women outstretched from the heavens for the embrace of the most beastly and bloody butchers on fields of carnage; while the walls of caste make oppressors of the few and outcasts of the rest; while Hindoo love keeps the wife from the table of her husband, and Hindoo faith keeps her from the temple of God; while Mandarin superstition

crushes the Chinese women either into cripples or into harlots; while there remains a heathen temple uncleansed, or a heathen idol undemolished,—there will still be work to be done.

A Landing.

This work still seems vast. But we have a good start and vast resources. The Cause has made *a landing*. In the Russian war of the Crimea it became necessary for the allies to land on a barren sand beach under the converging fire of five forts. The men were to land, and in that shower of death construct defenses. The English troops were felt to be the most resolute, and were sent on the forlorn mission. They shipped and steamed up into the dreadful gap. Partially protected by the vessels, they got down into the small boats, and pulled round into the iron gale. Many a gallant little crew was crushed before it went a boat's length. But all pulled for the shore; some in the little boats, some on fragments, and some by swimming, reached the beach. There, lying on their faces on the sand, with their broken canteens they scooped out holes for their bodies. Though hundreds fell, yet these holes grew into an intrenchment, and the allies had a landing at the weak point of

the fortifications. Victory was only a question of time. We have a landing. Though prophets and evangelists have fallen in winrows, yet the Cause is planted, and the blood of the martyrs proves to be the seed of the Church.

Resources.

The great dominant races are Christian. The growing languages are Christian. The growing Continents are Christian. Numbers are against us. But power is for us. The demand is great, but our resources are greater. We do not ever need Scriptural progression of power, where one chases a thousand, and two ten thousand, and four chase a hundred thousand. We have now the resources for the conquest of the world on a human arithmetic. We shall need prepared men, and called. But we have them, vast lines of our reserves, uncounted home-guards. You can hardly find a lad or a little girl in all the Sunday-schools of the Republic that does not know more about God and His way of salvation than all the fakirs and mandarins of Asia combined. Proud old Asia,—the land of high mountains, and beautiful scenery, and broad rivers; of the most populous empires and ancient literature and hoary arts; the land that had mathe-

matics, and astronomies, and belles lettres, and philosophies, and sacred books more than two thousand years before the ancient Gaels were dragged at Cæsar's conquering chariot-wheels from Briton into the marts of Pagan Rome; where Elijah found his chariot of fire, and Paul the light above the brightness of the noonday sun for the far-off Gentiles,—proud old Asia, in her scholars with a pedigree of forty centuries, can be led and taught true knowledge by children from our infant classes.

Talk about men! We have them in surplus. If Germany can keep one million men idle in peace, and two million more ready for call; if prostrate France can nearly repeat the waste; if bankrupt Austria can hold another million, and insolvent Italy nearly as many more; and Russia a million five hundred thousand more in idleness,—what may not the Church do? If these five nations can keep six or seven millions of men in time of peace marching and countermarching and drawing their rations and pay, what shall we say of the power of the Church in the great emergency for the world's salvation? I tell

you the truth, I speak the words of truth and soberness: the Church has advanced to such proportions that the world's conquest is the imperative duty of each succeeding generation. All she lacks is zeal. She has the men. She has the money.

Treasures.

See the treasure wasted in war by Christian nations. Christianized England expends annually, for army and navy and interest on war debt, $250,000,000. The war debts of Europe are $15,000,000,000, bearing an annual interest of $600,000,000. Her annual loss of labor nearly $1,000,000,000 more. There is money enough in the Christian nations. Nearly all the money of the world is in their coffers. They have the great harvests, and the great commerce, and the great manufactories, and the great and exhaustless mines. There is money enough for this work, and tenfold to spare, if only such a conviction could take hold upon these people as is justified by the facts in the case. I verily believe that the Protestant Christians of the English tongue could hurl a million missionaries into the heathen field in a single twelvemonth if only they were pressed with the zeal that pushed

Paul into every metropolis of his time. We could furnish a preacher for every eight hundred souls. This is not all fancy.

Advantages. Look at our advantages. When the Church sent out her first missionaries they made their way on foot. They measured the Continents staff in hand. Paul was longer in going from Cæsarea to Rome than it now takes to go twice around the world. Then the Church raised her contributions of heavy coin, and sent a special embassy to carry it on their backs, over deserts, through mountain passes, along dangerous defiles, pursued by enemies, waylaid by marauders, and exhausted by trackless leagues. Now the contribution is dropped into the treasury here, the amount telegraphed to India or the distant mission field in forty seconds, drawn from a bank there, and sent about its work in an hour from the time it is contributed here. This only averages our advantages. Then seas presented impassable barriers. To-day they are only highways over which the missionary rides easily in his library or with his friends. Then mountain ranges were passed only at advantage in certain summer months and by a few of the most sturdy souls. Now their

tunnels only furnish safe and refreshing variety to the swift journey. Then the apostles went forth from a despised and subjugated province, to be treated as the filth and offscourings of the whole earth. To-day they are the honored sons of the Anglo-Saxon race. A few English cannon broke down the wall of Tartary, and thirty thousand English bayonets keep many millions of Pagans in awe. There is not a field where we are not at advantage. Paul as a Roman citizen was often rescued from the perils into which his Jewish blood and Christian faith cast him. His citizenship was a shield as wide as the Roman Empire. The eagles of Rome were his defense against the bigotry at Jerusalem, against treachery at Cæsarea, against avarice in Ephesus, and against jealousy in Philippi. This was for a single disciple. But now the flag of Christian America secures respect for the missionary in every field. China looks to us for treaties and statesmen and statesmanship; Japan sends her embassies to this land for schools, for inventions, for arts, for treaties, for statecraft, and for ideas. Soon these peoples must take our faith with our civilization. In India the Brahman and the Bud-

dhist are sickening of the faith that can not save them though it has been rooted in the soil so many centuries. In Turkey the promise of our faith is a sort of protection against the ambition of France, and the greed of Russia, and the history of Germany, and the need of England. So the blood and tongues of our missionaries are passports securing protection on the banks of the Congo, by the waters of the Yang-tse-Kiang, in the valley of the Ganges, and in the streets of Constantinople. Absolutely nothing is impossible to us. I do not mean that we could thus flood all heathenism and do everything else at the same time,—buy all the land next to us, improve all the vacant property in America, purchase all luxuries and extravagances of the time, outvie Crœsus in temporalities, Hannibal in war, Henry VIII in self-indulgence, and William of Germany in power. But I mean this: if we took hold of heathendom, Buddha and Brahma, and Thor and Woden, as we took hold of Jeff Davis and his fellow conspirators in '61, as we took hold of this fallen city in '71, to lift it out of the ashes, and every man said, "No matter what it costs, it must be

done," there would not be a heathen hamlet without the gospel in twenty-four months.

We do not know how much there is in us till we try. We have no adequate measure of our possibilities in our past history. The great law is this, power is limited *by opportunity*. We can do anything we dare undertake. A crisis comes; some unknown man steps out and says, "It is in me; I can do the work; I can make this defense; I can drive out the invader; I can crush the rebellion;" and he does it. Who ever dreamed that the lad on the island of Corsica making love with his stockings about his heels, could overturn nearly all the thrones of Europe and capture nearly all the rulers, including even the Pope? Who would have dreamed that there was a first-class dictator and England's kingliest ruler in that Puritan Esquire, Oliver Cromwell? Did any man see in that captain of a flatboat the liberator of one race and the deliverer of another, and the tallest man of sixty centuries? Who ever dreamed that that peaceable immigrant from the Western Reserve into Kansas, with his cuts of fine fruit and his improved stock, was to be the thunder-

bolt of the border, the terror of all the Slave States, the resurrection trump for a dead nation, and the deathless, onmarching soul of liberty for a thousand years? We can tell nothing of what we can do till the crisis comes and we throw ourselves into the gap, anxious only for the imperiled cause, and knowing of nothing impossible but defeat. This is an age of impossible achievements. History is more miraculous than prophecy. This is the age in which a railroad was shoved over the continent at four miles a day, and cities planted in the wilderness by the thousand. This is the age in which we have seen nearly a hundred miles of palaces built in a single year. Yonder in the cars, leaping the chasms of the Sierra Nevadas and rushing down to the Golden Gate, or here amid the rising walls of a new city, we have a right to say that absolutely nothing is impossible. Six hundred poor Moravians were exiled from their home because their faith disturbed a retired country town. But God's Spirit was in them, and they resolved on the capture of the world. They had no friends, no money, and no hope of either. They divided into little companies, and took upon themselves the whole earth.

They had to work their way as best they could. But they seized upon this Continent along its eastern border. They penetrated its wilds. They mastered its wild dialects. They scattered the good seed in all soils. They seized Africa at both ends and in the middle. They burrowed in the ice-fields of the Arctic regions, and planted the rose of Sharon in beds of eternal snow. They laid hold upon Europe. And their labor was not in vain. Imbue the whole Church with such a spirit, and God's day will come. With such zeal nothing is impossible.

An ancient king, on the eve of a great battle against overwhelming odds, went out in disguise to watch his lines and catch the temper of his troops. He found one group discontented and alarmed, counting up the odds. Impatient with their fears, he threw off his cloak, exposing his royal insignia, saying, "Count me for thirty thousand." In this great war against sin we must count our Captain as certain of victory, for He always brings us off more than conquerors. Nothing is impossible to us.

There is another great truth under this mission work, this sowing the world, that insures

The Law of Growth.

success. *This puts the Church under the Law of Growth.* It is one condition of life that it must grow, must shove itself out somewhere, must manifest itself, or die. You can not shut it in. No tree will live over the summer if you do not let it spread out its leaves, and pump up its sap, and push out its buds, and take on new proportions. It is so with all life. Nations die as soon as they have finished their task. Make the last road, settle the last wilderness, finish the last village, and death is inevitable. Finish up this Continent, pack it with two thousand millions of people, work all its mines, plow all its acres, and not let its armies or its diplomats break over into any other territory, and you seal the fate of this civilization. This is why nations always grow by colonization, not chiefly by conquest, never by conquest unless it be of territory for colonies. Freebooters are always poor and weak, be they Arabs or pirates.

This law holds of *individuals.* It is the worst and most melancholy thing a ship can do to go into port, and take off the sails, to rot down and be only a hulk for rats. While a man works he grows. He must reach for larger results, more work; not more wear, but

larger plans, more push, and he will not die. His hair may drop off or die, but the head, like a bald mountain peak fringed and crowned with snow, will be full of power. Humboldt did not die. Vanderbilt does not superannuate. Drew does not hand over his affairs. He counts himself strong enough to hold the English stockholders in one hand and Erie in the other. Retiring is consenting to die and be tormented before your time. I know some men who have lost in the last year in money, but have made in years. October 7, 1871, knocked them from the shelf where they were snoozing. They were alarmed a little; but, like Samson, they shook themselves and went forth in the strength of the old years, and they are young and happy again.

This great law holds over all Churches. Come to your limit, and you begin to die. Hear me. It is easier to push this Church into new work than to hold merely the old. The life of this Church is the vigor with which all enterprises are pushed. It costs. Of course it does; but it is the cheapest in the end. This ongoing and outgoing is what fills up the ranks with veterans. This is the law of Christian life. It inheres in God's

plan and in the nature of the case that we are to be everlastingly doing something. This is our life, and so our strength.

Look a moment at how this missionary work brings back its strength and advantages. It matures as a *muscle* is matured, by use. It develops strength from within us. God does not put strength upon us like a garment any more than He puts character upon us. It must be acquired. It is a purchase. Endeavor, activity, is the cost. God works in us to do. *We* do, and so we grow. It is the only highway to strength. All souls must travel it if they would reach the end. This mission work gives activity.

It sets *new energies loose.* Send the New Testament into a country, and it is sure to start the loom, and the sawmill, and the printing-press, and the steam-engine. There is a new patent or invention in every letter of the Bible, an engine in every verse. You give better food and better remedies, and so more years. You turn all thinkers loose. Sooner or later, scholars and conquerors are sure to follow in the steps of Paul. Grammars and lexicons grow on this gospel vine. Thus you lift up the language, and so the whole grade

of thought. You can not pour into a man's skull ideas of God, and eternity, and immortality, and heaven, and a universal spiritual kingdom, and universal brotherhood, and a common Fatherhood, without expanding his skull. You will soon add an inch to the girth of his cranium, and that last inch soon makes either himself or his son a king.

Missions become great teachers, great educators. Let a community, or a family, or a Church send a favorite child into a strange land, and immediately they will begin to study up all that can be learned about that land; its history, habits, religions, climate, soil, products, geography,—all these must be studied. This opens the door to all knowledge. One taste at this fountain may lead to largest scholarship. Then the language must be mastered so as to put the Scriptures into them. How every word of the Book is turned over and over! Let a man become interested in missions, and he must grow in intelligence. I know a good man who spent his life in sin, and late came to Christ. One day he complained of the teaching of his pastor as heterodox. But he himself thought the Jews and the Catholics were the same. A hundred dol-

lars invested in missions would cure that in time.

Missions enrich us in the field of Heroism. This is a people's true wealth. Cities are nothing, commerce is nothing, armies are nothing, palaces are nothing, wealth is nothing. These do not make a country. They may make a body. But it must have a spirit of life in it. This is patriotism. The great war made a people of us. It inspired us, gave us a martyr age, made us heroes. Missions make real saints of us; not dead saints, to be misrepresented in church windows, but real working saints.

VII.

THE SUPREME NEED OF THE HEATHEN.

[This address was written by Dr. Fowler as pastor of Wabash Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago, in September, 1869, and delivered there September 23d.]

I APPROACH the subject of our mission work with some pleasure and much anxiety. The theme awakens thought, and opens the most alluring fields for our investigation. I am aware that most of you feel the subject to be threadbare. And some of you settle down in your pews like a patient in the dentist's chair, saying: "It is his duty. He must take the collection, and so we must submit. If he would only preach some short gospel sermon, and then take the collection, we could stand it; but we don't want to be begged to death." I have felt that way sometimes myself. But I have been studying and praying over this subject, and I can't let you off so easy. I think you must hear a little about this cause,

and then do your own begging. In the language of one of the early martyrs I say, "Strike, but hear."

Its very magnitude gives it importance. There is weight in numbers. A single nation, standing shoulder to shoulder, dreaming of liberty and wading through streams of blood in the streets of burning cities, with a despotism of iron disputing every inch of their advance, and a holy heroism resolved on victory, awakens, arouses, nerves up the mind. They may be only a few colonies on the rim where the wilderness of an unknown continent meets the wilderness of an unexplored sea, few in numbers, weak in resources, young in experience, poor in munitions,—yet by their possibilities they command our respect, and by their purpose our admiration. Poland, caught by the tumbling-rod of the nations known as the balance of power, cries for help, and every patriot groans with the dying Kosciuszko. Hungary asks for liberty, and her asking thrills the heart of humanity. But Poland is only a little country, and hardly able to purchase even one of our infant cities. And Hungary, with all her history and heroism, with all her royal tombs and mountain

fastnesses, would make poor head against the single State of New York in a fair encounter. Surely when these boroughs have broken the peace of the world for whole generations it may be no little thing to contemplate eight hundred millions of people, two-thirds of all the race, occupying more than two-thirds of all the earth.

Some one is saying: "Bouribouligha! I could endure home missions, but I do not want to take a trip through all heathendom this morning." Yet the theme of these same far-away people is rich in interest, rich in their buried past. Sublime in their possible future, imploring in their infinite need, touching in their absolute kinship to us, eloquent in their very sufferings, and commanding our attention in holding the key to our destiny, we may not put them off with a plea of distance and a pretext of hope in the mercy of God.

This mission work is the one all-important, all-absorbing theme of the ages. Its true idea is Messengers of Good sent forth to the needy and dying. It is Heaven's prayer for the dying earth. It is the sun plunging into chaos, scattering his days and his summers,

his brightness and his order, with imperial hand. It is God's eternal purpose of redeeming love flowing into the history of humanity. All there is in antiquity to interest is in this theme. All there is,—in purity to attract the saint, in heavenly birth to clothe with beauty, in breadth of plan to command respect, in patient endurance to win admiration, in self-sacrifice to enthrone in dominion,—all there is in God's first and holiest and most abiding purpose toward man, is contained in this theme.

One needs only to get one truthful conception of the mission work to pronounce it forever fraught with profoundest interest. To send the gospel is to send every good thing. In our work here among the poor there are whole volumes of theology in a loaf of bread. We come to the heart over the hearth. But this is only an incidental relation. Giving the gospel is better than giving a loaf. For it is giving not only the loaf, but also the harvest, and the ability to make one's own loaf, and, better still, the consciousness of independent manhood. Send a New Testament into a land, and it will soon be followed by the grammar, the plowshare, the reaper, and the

compass. Soon will start up the college, the waving harvest, the foreign commerce, the productive arts. The scholar, with his brain full of cunning machinery; the statesman, with wise politics; the judge, with poised scales supplanting the wrong of mere force; the mart, opened where weeds and bulrushes had been supreme; the railroad, running across the bloody trail; the telegraph, with its mystery of wisdom, stretching over the crag where the eagle built her nest,—all these are in the New Testament. God, having given us His Son, will also, with Him, freely give us all things. Giving the New Testament to a land, we give also every good thing,—light on the mind illumining the path for the flight of thought, till philosophy and science and song appear as the inheritance of the obedient; light on society, till the monsters that threatened in the gloom are routed, and the slaveries that trampled and ruined are abolished; light on the heart, till the avenger is disarmed, and love demonstrates the Divine fraternity. To send the New Testament is to send all that comprises civilization, from the cunning that turns a pinhead to the skill that plants a Pacific Railroad; from the mystery

of an alphabet to the appliances of salvation. Send more New Testaments to Hindustan, and she will not need to import from England, *via* the Isthmus of Suez, her elephant plows. Surely whoever is interested in humanity must be interested in this mission work.

Let us take a look at some of our mission fields. We can do no better thing than acquaint ourselves with what we are doing and to do. Get into a palace car. Five turns of the sun will put you on a steamer puffing out through the Golden Gate. Eighteen evenings more will land you within the sacred precincts of the Celestial Empire. This field comes first in its new relations to us. It is one of the most productive, beautiful, and healthful countries of the earth. Its compass, including the peoples that read her sacred books, is three times as large as our own vast domain. It has great variety of climate and soil. It is adorned with mountain-peak and fruitful valley. Fields of grain gladden the husbandmen. Three crops a year from the same soil support the crowded population. She has arts that rival the skill of the Caucasian. In many improvements she has out-

stripped European thought. Her government has withstood the successive shocks of the old Persian hosts, the Macedonian legions, and the Roman eagles. Her wall, a work without a rival, defended her against the Tartars. Her national life has blossomed in useful and ornamental arts. She has a school system older than the apostles. She never had a slave, or a caste, or a dramshop. She acknowledges only scholarship as the ground of political preferment. This spurs her millions to incessant study. A single town will furnish ten thousand competitors for a literary prize. The four books of Confucius are her highest classics. Upon these are written more comment than Adam Clarke wrote upon our New Testament. Yet such is the zeal for knowledge that the government always has scholars able to repeat from memory all her classics and all the commentaries upon them. The Chinese are to the Mongolians what the Anglo-Saxons are to the Caucasians. Though they have shut themselves away from the world till within a very few years, still they have manifested much energy and enterprise. The Indian Archipelago is a common field where they match their strength against all

other races. They dig for the precious metals of Australia, and their picks and pans are straining the gold-dust of California. They are the most courageous and venturesome of the Asiatics. They are not deficient in the quality that makes pirates, pugilists, and rebels. Though they speak many dialects, they sit beneath the shade of the camphor-tree, and, breathing perfumes of the peach and orange, read the language that is common to four hundred and fifty millions of people, nearly one-third the human race. No other tongue ever reached a quarter as many as the classics of China. The United States is a vast Empire, whose evangelization is of moment; but all our tongues reach less than forty millions here. A promise or a precept painted into the hieroglyphics of China would comfort ten Continents like this. Who can measure such a host? Marching in single file, three feet apart, the line would reach ten times around the world. They could join hands and form a belt that would compass the earth and moon at her mean distance from us. Posted on a bridge to the sun, they would be within speaking distance of each other. All this host, with vigorous brain, is now rapping

at our door and coming with their idolatry. We think of the three million idols and five hundred thousand temples of China, and imagine that the nation is a vast continent of intellectual sand that we have only to breathe upon with the breath of our civilization and see it all dissipated. We are looking to the time when John, with his long hair and small feet, will be our servant, coming to this land of free institutions and active thought, to carry our water and hew our wood. But in all this we may be mistaken. While Buddhism is full of idols and superstition, Confucianism is based upon reason, and does not suffer much in comparison with some of the isms that reject Jesus and seek to reverse the tide of history. We shall find these men competing with us for the commerce and wealth of the world. The child now lives who may see this people contending for equality on this soil. When we look at the people and their culture and possible future, it ceases to be a Bouribouligha enterprise and becomes a question of personal safety with us. The evangelization of China is necessary to secure our own altars from the pollutions of idolatry.

Have you any definite idea how much we

are acutally doing for China? We never sent her a man till 1847, and now, A. D. 1869, we have only twenty missionaries there. These are in the Fukien Province, along the southern shore. Twenty missionaries for four hundred and fifty millions, one for every twenty-two million five hundred thousand. Imagine one missionary sent to the whole United States in 1850, and you see what we are doing.

Now take ship, sail out through the Chinese Sea, westward in the Indian Ocean, then through to the Bay of Bengal, up the Ganges into Hindustan, and you are in the heart of our India Mission. Here we meet two hundred and eighty millions of idolaters under the government of Great Britain. This people are divided into castes the most absolute. The distinction between an old master and his slave is as nothing compared with the distinctions of caste. Overrun by the Mohammedan, and again by the English, the Brahman divides his soil with his conqueror; but neither the spear of the Mussulman nor the cannon of the Briton has been able to pierce the castes of this land. Many of their arts would do credit to the Anglo-Saxon. Away in the jungles, toiling by his secluded forge, the

India blacksmith will take a bar of rough iron, put it through a process, which he has inherited from his fathers who stood at the same forge ever since long before Moses went out of Egypt or Abraham ascended Mount Moriah, and bring it out a sword that will sever, as Wendell Phillips says, "Sheffield's best blade without turning the edge." The philosophy of India is not the work of children. There are thinkers in that dark land that court discussion and fearlessly run a tilt with Christian evidences. While China is salubrious in climate,—at points not unlike Virginia or Kentucky,—and has the bond of one language, India wars upon the Northern Constitution, and her ancient tongue is now broken into twenty fragments and more than a hundred scraps. But here are two hundred and eighty millions, seven times as many as in the United States. Yet we did not enter this field till 1857, then to fall into the treacherous embrace of the Sepoy Rebellion. But the storm passed, and our Mission did not die out. It did shake in the nostrils of the blast, but that only rooted it more deeply into the very soil. For ten years this has been the favorite mission of our Church. Now we have only

twenty-four missionaries in that field,—one to every ten millions. Think of one missionary for all New England and the Empire State and Pennsylvania thrown in!

Africa has about twelve million square miles and sixty-one millions of people. We have there fifteen missionaries, including a bishop; that is, one to every four million, with nearly one million square miles, or about one-quarter as much as all our dominion for a district. All our missions may be summed up as follows: Africa, fifteen; South America, eight; China, twenty; Germany, forty-one; Scandinavia, nineteen; India, twenty-four; Bulgaria, three; total foreign, one hundred and thirty. Then we have two thousand one hundred and fifty-one missionaries in the home work, paid in part or entirely by the Society.

My conviction has always been in favor of the home work rather than the foreign. It has seemed to me that God purposed that we should be a Home Mission nation, to whom He is sending all the families of men. But I am persuaded that this home work has relatively its full share of attention. The home field, with less than forty millions, is supplied

with two thousand one hundred and fifty-one missionaries, while the foreign fields, with nearly eight hundred millions, has only one hundred and thirty missionaries. The most strenuous advocate for home work can not criticise our Board for our zeal for the heathen. Look abroad, see the demand everywhere. Northward, by the Polar Sea, is a sea of moral ice. The Esquimaux, save at some few mission points, are wrapped in moral night that has never known the light. Large districts of America, large enough for empires, are traversed only by the bloody savage on the war-path. South America has a Christianity that lacks almost everything but heathenism. Europe is sandwiched between millions of Pagans and millions of Mohammedans, and spiced with other millions of the seed of Abraham. Africa is enveloped in a darkness before which her complexion fairly pales, and which is surpassed only by the degradation of the Mohammedans in her interior. We have already looked down upon the plains of Asia. Let us not forget that this is the site of Eden and of Bethlehem, the cradle of Adam and Christ; that here the patriarchs fell asleep, and the followers of

Jesus were wakened into life; that on Asia's soil was built the first altar and raised the first tabernacle. From her heavens descended the law, beneath her sky shone the pillar of fire, in her firmament appeared Judea's star, and from her hills flow forth the streams for the healing of the nations. Let us also remember that the land of Moses is still under the plague of darkness; the rocks that echoed the songs of Miriam echo now the war-cry of the Mohammedan; and the same fields traversed by the weary feet of the apostles and consecrated by the blood of the martyrs are covered with heathen altars and desolated with countless idols. Look where we may, we are met with beckoning hands and pleading faces, asking for the Bread of Life. I am sometimes alarmed lest we underrate the danger to which all these millions are exposed. We think of their social deprivations, their use of elephants instead of locomotives, their tents for homes, their general wretchedness and want, their despotisms, and wars, and famines, and massacres; we think of all this and their moral darkness, and think they are having it bad enough now, so they must fare better hereafter; we take them in on the

statute of limitations, and, shrinking from the burden of our own responsibility, we think them about as well off as we are, and so do not enter into their needs.

We sometimes class them with infants, and thus make wide entrance for them into the kingdom of heaven, and so excuse ourselves. I know they are a law unto themselves, they have a law written in their hearts, and that their thoughts accuse or excuse them according as they live up to the light they have, the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. And I have no doubt that every one that improves his talent of opportunity will be rewarded and saved. Possibly we shall meet Socrates and Confucius in the goodly company, singing a Savior of whom they never heard till they saw Him in the brightness of the excellent glory. I read with joyous heart the story of the old negro woman captured in Africa and sold on an Alabama plantation. Her mistress told her of *Jesus* and His dying love, when she exclaimed: "O yes, I know Him. He is the One that came to me on the bank of the river in my own country. The white man had taken my children, and I felt that I could not live, and He

came and comforted me." I doubt not that honest and sorrowing hearts everywhere find Him in some form, and by His grace gain the golden shore; for He is no respecter of persons, and all that fear Him and work righteousness have His favor. Just as we get the light of the sun on cloudy days, when we can not see the sun itself, so the Sun of Righteousness reaches many heathen hearts, though He has not risen into the field of vision or is obscured by the clouds of superstition. But with all this hope, and with supreme confidence in the mercy of God, I still fear that we underrate the dangers of the heathen. There are some facts which we must not overlook.

There is the fact of their seething corruption. This is to be accepted as a state. Whatever be its cause or occasion, it is still an actual state. They are actually abandoned to every conceivable vice and lust and passion. While some of them have in their dialects no word for God, they have several words to express the act of killing a parent. The next world must find them as they leave this. How may we hope for a heaven in the continuance of the revolting crimes and corruption of heathenism? While one living up to his light

could be saved, we must accept the testimony of their conscience speaking in their sacrifices, that they do not thus live.

Another fact. They are in the condition we were without Christ, and God so understood our need as to send Him for our salvation. It was necessary that Christ should suffer and rise again. The same condition that demanded any Christ at all demands Him for the heathen.

Another fact. God has commanded us to preach the gospel to every creature. He put His omnipotent "Go" behind the infant Church to whom He spoke, and they ran through all lands, crying in all tongues: "The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Jesus Christ is come in the flesh." Looking at these facts, I fear that there is some dire necessity which we do not feel. This I do know, that God wastes no effort. He never moves to save unless it is necessary.

The same law holds over all the race. Increasing the light, we increase the chances of heaven. It might be possible to make a trip across the Sahara Desert on foot and alone, but it is immeasurably more certain in the care of an experienced caravan. A heathen

might reach heaven without the gospel, for all I know; but life and immortality are brought to light in the gospel. This we may boldly assert and hold: if the heathen are to have the gospel, the Church must send it to them. And we are the Church. Therefore the duty is upon us.

This duty is enforced by the fact that the mode of action is in perfect harmony with the Divine procedure in all life. It is everywhere a *union of the human and Divine.* In our very birth God is our Creator, yet our very existence turns on conditions outside the Divine action. We come to maturity by the same law. We use the means. We take the nourishment. But God by His law and action secures the increase. All the productive trades make us co-workers together with God. The husbandman scatters the seed, and God scatters the dews and the sunbeams. One matures, the other secures the harvest. This law controls our salvation. Every promise in the Word is conditioned on our doing somewhat. It is "hearken," heed, accept, believe, repent, pray, work, agonize, enter in. There is an eternal copartnership in toil figured in the eternally Divine humanity of Jesus. Thus

we are to "work out our salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure." On the point in hand the whole Book was written. This evangelization was the very and sole purpose of the Church in the world. The infant Church accepted this as her work and went about it. It was not done in a moment. They were strong men, those first missionaries. They had been with Jesus. They had His spirit. They felt His power. They wrought His miracles. And they were single in their work to plant His kingdom in all lands. Yet how slowly the work went on! After three years, eleven were under commission, and one hundred and twenty were all that could be gathered to the great prayer-meeting. Fifty years later, when all save John had put on the martyr's crown, and two generations had seeded down the earth with their blood, not more than one in ten thousand of those who had heard and seen were actual believers; and three hundred years after Christ, when a Pagan emperor enthroned the faith, less than one per cent of the Empire accepted Jesus. It was a slow work, giving largest room for human co-operation.

The Church sows. The Church is not consulted concerning the time of harvesting. She is commanded to sow by all waters. Propagandism is her organic law. This makes her a Missionary Society. She can not be a Church and not be a Missionary Society. Let your light shine. She must do this if she has any light. It is in the nature of light to shine. That is what it is for. The whole body of truth is called a gospel; that is, *good news,* something communicated. Kept, it would cease to be a gospel, cease to be news. It must be both whispered in the ear and told upon the house-top. It must be on the move, and the very fact that it is *good,* good news, keeps it spreading. Nature is a communication, a revealment, an uttered word of God. When He said, "Let there be light," He unbolted and threw open the doors, crying to all the Universe, Behold! So we must communicate good news. A man gets an idea. He buttonholes his first neighbor till he has told it. It is too good to keep. It laughs its way out into the air, and floats around the world. Thus the gospel, the good news, the wonderful secret of redeeming love, could not be locked in. Archimedes could not but leap

from the bath at his discovery of relative weights and run through the streets crying, "I have found it!" Luther could not shut up the great Reformation in his deep German chest. It was too good a thing. If he had tried, it would have shone out through him. It is in our natures to communicate. The feet of sorrow are heavy, and her face is veiled, and her voice is hushed; but joy is swift, and she seeks the open day and the highway, and she laughs as she runs.

Don't you remember the symbol of the gospel power was a tongue, a *fiery* tongue, *lighting* on the disciples' heads? *Speak,* speak *burning* words, speak *winged* words. This is the organic law. A Church, to be a Church, must be a Missionary Society, and we rise into Christian life only as we rise into the missionary spirit. The first sight of Jesus lifted up draws us to Him. The first contact with Him heals us, and His first breath upon us fills us with His spirit, and sets us to prophesying. Twenty missionaries for four hundred and fifty millions, looks discouraging. But when I think of the nature of the gospel, and of the authority and power of Him who says, "Go," I am not discouraged. Eighteen

hundred years ago there were only eleven clinging to the Master; to-day three hundred and sixty millions have heard the good news, and only six hundred and forty millions more are to be reached. We have more than one-third, and in that one-third we have the brain of the race. That is what actually weighs. Chicago alone will outweigh all Asia. *See how we take the earth at advantage!* The apostles did not know much about geography. There was not much to know. A pond that would not be seen by the side of Lake Michigan they called a sea. A thousand miles of coast and country about the Mediterranean made up the world. But now we have weighed and measured all the seas, and are on the point of emptying the Mediterranean into the great desert. We have passed the Pillars of Hercules, and have traversed every rod of ground and every rood of sea. It took Paul months to go from Jerusalem to Rome. We can go around the world in as many weeks. It required a special commission, with brawny shoulders and brave hearts, to carry the liberality of Corinth to Jerusalem, and one season was exhausted in the journey. We can take your pledge at your door, and in four hours

pay off a missionary on any continent and in almost any district. The apostles went forth as the filth and offscourings of the whole creation. The Greeks thought them fools. The Romans despised them as insignificant. All the dignity they had was borrowed from their accidental relation to some heathen nation. But not so to-day. The missionaries from the two great missionary nations go forth as kings. To say, "I am an American," or "I am a Briton," is to command respect no less than the old cry of "I am a Roman." It took a scribe weary years to produce a single copy of the Bible, and only princes in fortunes could possess it. We can furnish Bibles a thousand a minute if need be, and no pauper so poor that he may not own the Word of Life. On the day of Pentecost it was the inaugural miracle of the New System that the gospel was heard in different languages, though the number was less than a score. But to-day it is proclaimed in three hundred tongues. All the advantages and appliances are ready. The great age of preparation is passed, and the Church is actually moving for the conquest of the world.

The other day the Church was compara-

tively indifferent to this work. But now she moves as for life. She has the means and is developing the spirit. The United States spent $3,000,000,000 in five years for war. The interest on that at the old rate of ten per cent would give a missionary to every twelve hundred heathen forever. Surely the money is not wanting, and we are gaining in spirit. When we come to the point where we feel that the cause must go forward whatever else fails, then we shall see nations born into the kingdom in a day. It will cost some sacrifice.

How many of us have felt any inconvenience on account of our donations to God's cause? Let us be thoughtful. Some of you have thousands to spend for comfort and pleasure, and your offerings to this cause are never felt. When God gives a man health and business ability and prosperity, He expects a liberal return. And it is a solemn fact that His cause waits for our support. Multitudes whom He is seeking are dying. God waits for us to help them. He does not keep us waiting for His mercies. We are the depositories of His truth. May we innocently keep it from the needy?

I knew a sick mother once who was com-

pelled to hand over her child to the care of a nurse. After a few weeks the nurse took offense and left. Neither money nor love nor pity could induce her to return. And that helpless mother was compelled to see her child waste away to a skeleton and actually starve to death. She said: "When I heard my babe moan, and saw it die, I could hardly keep from murdering that nurse. I hope God will forgive me, for it was so cruel." More than mother ever loved her child, God loves sinners. We have the Bread of Life. They are actually starving within our reach. God help us to do our full duty! Every man for himself. It may cost some sacrifice. I feel we are called to make sacrifices. Only by these is His work carried on.

Shortly after the close of the war, Brother Clark, in the South Carolina Conference, was sent to a large and dangerous circuit. He worked for a mere pittance. His wife worked and took care of the family, and he cared for his work. Sometimes he had to hide in the swamps from the guerillas. One day he came home from a tour round the circuit. He had had an unusually hard time. He had been compelled to sleep in the swamp and eat the

ears of corn he had taken for his horse. The next morning he said to his wife, "Brother Griffith is going round the circuit for me this time." She said, "Where are you going?" "Over to see your father." His father-in-law was well off, and wanted them to quit the Northern Church and the work, and he would help them. She understood the case and said: "No, John, you can eat the raw corn from the cob, and sleep in the swamp, and I can care for myself and the children. But God's work must be done, and this people must have the gospel." Brothers, these are the workers you are supporting. I lay this hungry and weeping cause at your door, that you may not go out without relieving it.

VIII.

DIVINITY OF THE MISSIONARY IDEA.

[This address was written by Dr. Fowler as pastor of Jefferson Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago, his first charge, in March, 1863. This was the first missionary address he ever delivered.]

I PURPOSE to present the "Divinity of the Missionary Idea," and leave you to gather therefrom the measure of your obligation. "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, *therefore,* and teach all nations; and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." To this idea I ask your most prayerful and thoughtful attention.

I postulate: *First,* that the missionary idea is *Divine in its conception.* It came into the world from the worlds above us with Jesus of Nazareth. It was cradled in the manger of Bethlehem. Its infant feet walked up and down Galilee. It was strengthened in the wilderness of temptation. It was sanctified in the garden of anguish. It was armed with

the cross of sacrifice. It was plumed and pinioned on the Mount of Ascension, and its soul was fixed with a deathless, uncompromising, all-conquering purpose by the prayer and inspiration of Pentecost. Its radical idea was the Brotherhood of Man, from which it ascended to the *Fatherhood of God.* And in this we see its divinity. Philosophy, through the lips of one of her wisest children, said, "I am thankful that I was born a man and not a brute, a Greek and not a Barbarian;" denying all fellowship between the different races. The Jew, unto whom was committed the promises, and to whom was given the holy inspiration, looked upon the Gentile as upon a dog, and not until the Divine Man had uttered His deep teachings and pronounced His wonderful words could the word "Brother" cross the narrow rivers that bounded the tribes. But when Jesus, who was not the son of the Jew, but the "Son of Man," in whom was a whole humanity, a Teacher sent from God, a living Truth from out eternity, then these narrow boundaries were broken down. The geographies of kingdoms and races were manifested as the falsehoods of power, and the spiritual chart wrapping the earth about

appeared as God's geography, God's truth; and to-day the African and the Arab, the Scandinavian and the Celt, the Teuton, the Norman, and the Anglo-Saxon join their hands in one circle that belts the world and reaches around the Eternal Throne.

Another element in the missionary idea showing the divinity of its conception is this: *a spiritual kingdom in the world,* a kingdom permeating all forms of government and all types of society, to which men are eligible in virtue of their humanity, and into which they are naturalized by faith in the cleansing blood of Jesus. Science tells us that there exists a subtle ether in which all bodies float, an ether so subtle that it permeates alike all substances, from the thinnest gas to the most compact diamond. Through this, electricity flashes and light scintillates, and o'er its highways voices come and go. We do not see it nor handle it, yet it wraps us all about, and pierces us through and through. So with this spiritual kingdom. In it all outer kingdoms are to move, and all hearts beat. In it man is measured, not by his bales or his blocks or his acres, but by his manhood, by his humanity. We can not see it, for it comes not by obser-

vation. We can not handle it, for it is not of this world. Yet only in it do we find our true citizenship. We are aliens and strangers till we move into this spiritual kingdom, into this commonwealth of Israel. Surely the missionary idea, with its heavenly children, Brotherhood and Spirituality, is Divine in its conception, and if this missionary idea is not more than human, then surely no other idea was ever even human.

I postulate: *Secondly,* that the missionary idea is *Divine in its purposes.* Looking upon all men as equally related to the great Father, it purposes to do for all hearts alike, as much for the struggling soul of the Esquimau or the Hottentot as for the New England scholar or the English peer. It presents right solutions of all the deep problems of life and death and eternity, problems which men must solve in one way or another. I know we have a way of denouncing the heathen as insane or silly because they bow their souls to stocks and sticks, to gods made with their own hands. But I must count that as a shallow and uncharitable solution of their systems of worship; for, rightly understood, there is underneath all their errors a deep core of radical

truth, if we can but have the patience to find it. Their system somehow seemed to meet a felt want, and therefore they accepted it. It was unto them deep, desperate, awfully solemn truth; for it is with them as with us, an infinite thing to live. They are just as anxious about that shapeless, immense, overshadowing, fathomless something which we call the future, as you and I are; just as restless under the chidings and goadings, the warnings and pleadings, the promises and prophecies, of that sleepless, vigilant, arbitrary, uncompromising, fiery, all-stinging something which we call conscience, as you and I are; just as trembling and fearful, just as desperate and cowering before that all-pervading idea of a great, unseen, all-seeing, unknown, all-knowing God, as you and I are. And they put their soul's eternity at hazard with no lighter heart than we do jeopardize ours. So I have no patience with that narrow stupidity that throws everything out of the field of sympathy that is not written in the creeds, by calling them superstitions. Superstitions they are to us; but to them they are the solemn, mysterious realities of the unseen yet felt life of the eternal, unchangeable hereafter. Wrong and

untrue and ruinous as they seem to us, yet I think there is always at heart a great truth there. When I turn to history, and see men,—men just as we are, full of social laws, and human sympathies, and divine aspirations,—shutting themselves up in caves, wandering over deserts, posted on pillars in the lonely wilderness, casting themselves under the wheels of Juggernaut, I dare not say that they are not in earnest, and that, too, about the divine idea woven through all natures. Nor dare I call them irrational. For on the bare rational balancing between time and eternity there is no sacrifice of the first for the second that is not justified—yea, commanded—by the reason of the case. So that he who strives most earnestly, though he strives right away into deeper darkness, is the most rational. He only is insane who believes that his eternal peace depends upon certain conditions, and still madly neglects to meet those conditions. In the weak, uncertain, infant wail of the heathen I find nature's answer to God's revelation. Mumbled and muttered indeed it is, yet it comes from the heart of things. It embodies their best solutions of questions with which we must struggle. For flung into being

as we are, with the eternal past behind us, and the eternal future before us, with the infinity of want within us, the infinity of pain beneath us, and the infinity of peace above us, we can not fail to ask, Is there a great Cause of Causes? Has He a moral government? Are we under that government? Can He look down through all the maze of worlds that float above us and see our little world? Can He look through all the countless, struggling millions that sprout into life like the plants of a day and fall out again like the leaves of a summer, and see us? Whence came we, and whither are we going? On what strange distant shore will these caged spirits of ours find their ultimate rest? With these problems we must grapple. Business may crowd them aside for a season, yet the ever-fleeting years call them up again. Our falling friends press them upon our attention, and the judgments that now and then flash out upon us, as the wheels of Providence sweep round, bid us pause and take our bearings. The blind, cold, dead idols of the heathen are the best solutions which nature can furnish of these questions. And now the missionary idea proposes to take these problems and flash into their dark cen-

ters the heavenly light of its divine inspiration, and along their illumined highways lead humanity up to God.

Go away with me over the sea to the banks of the Ganges. See that heathen mother, worn and weary, staggering to the river's side with her helpless infant; watch her, as with a frenzy more resistless than a mother's holy love, she tears its toothless gums from her aching breast, and casts it into the reptile's jaws, or tramples it beneath her own feet. Art thou a mother, with a little one prattling on the altar of thy knee, and dost thou say, "Monster!" Be not so fast. She is a mother as thou art a mother, and thou thyself wouldst do it if the grave were yawning before you and hell boiling up to receive you. Yea, my own mother might have trampled me in the dust had not God told her that "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." Thus the missionary idea is Divine in its solution of the great questions of life, and death, and destiny.

I postulate: *Thirdly,* that the missionary idea is *Divine in its agencies.* It everywhere acts by a union of the human and the Divine: "Go *ye,*" and "Lo, *I* am with you alway." It

introduces into the world a force from above the world. It breaks in upon the lines of nature, and then acts along those lines. It sends its divine inspiration into human hearts, and takes possession of human affections; makes these its motive power. It aims to conquer hearts, and for this it uses *heart power*. In this the idea works in a manner all its own. Nowhere else is this made the central force or fact of any system. It is emphatically a family where heart speaks to heart, and all beat responsive to the mighty throbbings of the Infinite Heart of Christ.

Walk out into nature, and see what is the central idea in her gigantic system. It is the law of relation. Things come to their appropriate places according to this standard. Subservient to this, or rather working with this as the ultimate end, are all gravities, attractions, cohesions, repulsions, and the like. Nature with her thousand forces,—forces of growth and decomposition, of fire and frost, of light and electricity,—tugs away at every atom of matter and germ of life till she pulls them into their true relations. Her perpetual struggle is to keep things in their places. If a gas gets crowded down below its true relation,

she works away at it till the crowding bands are broken asunder and the lighter substance finds its true equilibrium. In maintaining this law, nature sometimes thunders forth her authority from the mumbling jaws of the earthquake and the volcano's burning throat: but maintain this law she must, even at all hazards; for this is her organic law.

Going up one step into mere animal life, the ruling idea is the law of *physical force,* the power of claw, and of coil, and of beak, and of tusk. The animal with greatest available power, whether it be of speed or of activity, or of muscle, or of endurance, is master. This force is the principle of government. It decides the question of kingship, of dominion.

Going up another step into the ruder types of human society, the law at the core is changed a little. Still it is force,—force of muscles, force of blow, force of endurance, force of numbers, force of courage. Only a slight advance, yet some advance, because these forces are husbanded and multiplied by the advantages of weapons and fortifications.

Advancing another step into civilized government, we find another central idea,—power

of brain. Obedience is to law. Appeal is to reason and motive. These are centered in courts and cabinets, systems of intrigue, policies of home and foreign action. And now and then, once or twice in a century, the appeal is to bayonets and cannon; yet these are only instruments, only materialized ideas. Thus the highest type of human government works by laws, and enactments, and commands. At this point the highest human conceptions of government are wedded onto the divine revelations of government. To this the divine stoops, yet only stoops to breathe into them a new spirit and motive, which, so far as it is received, annuls the injunction, annuls them in superannuating them, in removing their demand. The power is placed, not in the law, but in the affections. So the subject is no longer governed; for government implies restraint; and where the affections are all in perfect unity with the requirements of the higher divine life, there is no restraint; for every wish of the heart is in perfect keeping with the law. Thus love becomes the fulfilling of the law. This motive power in the affections, this corner-stone of authority in the

heart, is original in the Christian system, and is the main force on the human side of the mission work.

God's Spirit is everywhere, brooding over all people, and He is only waiting for the Church to furnish heart-power and He will reconquer all heathendom. Our missionaries go over the sea, not with armies and navies, but with living, loving, holy hearts. They are not messengers of death, but messengers of life. They put their souls up against heathen societies, and throb their new life into them. O, there is a shoreless, infinite ocean of power ever surging to and fro in the human heart! I am thankful for a religion that can stand on demonstration,—demonstration to which my judgment is compelled to give assent; but I am more thankful that the religion of Jesus Christ is a power known and felt in the heart. For this is the center of power. A religion that never gets beyond the brain bears no relation to the religion of the loving, compassionate Savior. It has no more power in it than a mummy. It is as far from being a new life as a skeleton without flesh, or blood, or soul is from being a man. You may blow through its nostrils, but that

does not make a man of it. So you may blow prayers through a heartless creed, but that does not make a religion of it. It must have a living, working, loving soul, that looks upon its fellow-man, saying "Brother," and up to the Infinite, saying "Father." What we want more than anything else is heart-power; then men will be thankful for the privilege of coming to the house of God, and will no longer think they are conferring a great favor upon the minister to listen to his words of eternal life, and upon the Almighty in visiting His house occasionally. Then we will have money power enough too.

William Penn armed himself with this idea, and set up his colony among the savages. "We meet," said Penn, "on the broad pathway of good faith and good will; no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers only, for brothers differ. The friendship between me and you I will not compare to a chain, for that the rains might rust or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts; we are all one

flesh and blood." The children of the forest were touched by the sacred doctrine, and renounced their guile and their revenge. "We will live," said they, "in love with William Penn and his children as long as the moon and the sun shall endure." And not a drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by an Indian. This is the agency used by Christianity. This is its missionary force, as manifested in its self-sacrifice. Men have denied the present good for some ultimate good that terminates in self. They have endured for conquest and power; but nowhere outside of the religion of Christ have they freely sacrificed all for others. The model was perfected on the cross, and its agencies are under the same law, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." Surely its systems of agencies are Divine. If they are only human, no other system was ever even human.

I postulate: *Fourthly,* that the missionary idea is *Divine in its rewards.* One thing pointing to this is its miraculous use of money. It takes up one dollar, turns it over, and brings it back ten. It so works the tides of trade and commerce that the wealth of the world flows into the coffers of the missionary nations.

Take down your atlases; study the geography of heathendom. Can you find one valid natural or physical reason why those broad, deep rivers may not float an immense navy as well as our streams; a rich and productive commerce as well as the rivers of Christendom? You can not convince yourself that those vast, fertile plains can not be studded with peaceful cities and refined homes. Because we do not see in our harbors the flags and pennants of Africa, do not meet at our seaports the vessels and fleets of the heathen, we conclude that heathendom does not amount to much; but in productive soil, in genial climate, in square miles, they far outreach us, and in the natural advantages of navigation and harborage they are not much behind us. All they lack is moral ideas and moral purposes. And God stands ready to multiply our wealth and commerce a hundred-fold, so soon as we can trust Him far enough to Christianize and civilize His unfortunate, benighted children. They stand along their sacred rivers and under their deep, clear skies, with their haggard faces turned up toward the cold, distant stars, looking for the Infinite, and the starving souls cry out, "Father, pity Thy suffering children, and

give us the Bread of Life," and God says to us: "Feed ye them, and I will pay you an hundred-fold cash down in this present life, and give you a title to an eternal homestead in the gold-paved city. If you like the security invest your capital." Mere commerce without Christianity does not yield this increase, and for this reason: The heathen have but few wants, consequently but small demands. They must be Christianized before they can become largely productive, before they become extensive producers and consumers. So that the real multiplication of money is purely a missionary result.

Another and more vital consideration from this idea is this: It furnishes here to our hand exchange on the bank of heaven. By it we are enabled to deposit here our worthless "shin-plasters" and have them redeemed with the pure gold of that country out of sight, to which we are all hastening with the speed of the winged moments.

We find, here and there, scattered through the North, men whom the unholy Rebellion chased out of the South. And they are almost always poor, and for this reason: they could get no exchange for their worthless Confed-

erate scrip. And in the pure atmosphere of these Northern latitudes their scrip is only a curse to them, because it recalls what they once possessed, and then creates a suspicion of fellowship with rebels. You and I are running through a rebellious world, and unless we get exchange here for our scrip we will be poor over yonder to all eternity,—doomed to the eternal poorhouse. For in a day surely coming, and much nearer than we think, death will chase us out of this world, and the Almighty will throw out our scrip and protest our drafts. As a mere business calculation it will pay you to invest in this exchange.

A man goes to Australia. He only sojourns there. He expects to return to the States. His sojourn is for gain. Now, if he simply quarries stone, he can soon cord up an immense weight of stone; but when he wishes to come back he can not bring it with him. It may be worth something to him there, but it is valueless to him as a citizen of America. Had he simply stored up gold he could have brought his fortune with him. You and I are only sojourners here. If we simply invest in farms and merchandise, they will be worthless to us over yonder. We can not carry them

over with us. Only our investment in the spiritual gold of God's kingdom is worth the saving.

When I remember that this life is transient as an evening cloud and fleeting as a morning mist, that in a very few hours this frail body of mine will tumble down, and that this deathless something within which remembers and forgets, feels and thinks, loves and hates, which acts and is, which I call I, myself, will leap from the crumbling dust and the melting world and mount to God, then I feel that my true higher life is not of this world, but belongs to the worlds above me. Then I count as secure only what I have sent before me, and really possess only what I have given away. For I know on the authority of my God that by and by the world, hoary with age, white with the years which eternity hath snowed upon her, shall uncover her grave-scarred bosom, hand over to God her buried and living millions, and walk mournfully away to the funeral of Nature. And in that day when the earth shall be wrapped in her winding-sheet of flame and laid away in the tomb of chaos, I want my investments in my brain, in my heart, and in my character, so

that I can say to the Great Father, "Here am I and all that Thou hast given me."

I postulate: *Fifthly,* that the missionary idea is *Divine in its resources.* It is exhaustless because it has its end out of self. I find that in nature nothing lives for itself. Everything exists for something else. The rose does not smell its own fragrance. The brooklet does not hear its own melody. The sun does not fold up his beams within himself, and walk sullenly up and down the heavens. Everywhere the purpose of a thing is in something out of itself. The palm, the tallest of trees, is endogenous; it develops from within. So men, as they are endogenous,—that is, as they develop from within,—reach nearer to heaven, nearer to God. A man is not measured about his body, about his possessions, but by his girth about his soul, about his humanity. You can not shut up his manhood in his narrow frame. If he has a single spark of real manhood about him, it will burn its way to the surface, and you can see him in the darkness. The German Reformation was only Luther's humanity, inspired and strengthened a little by the Almighty, chafing against a wicked, cold dead age. We call him brave;

but I think the real danger was not in acting, but in not acting. If he had attempted to shut up the Reformation in his great, deep, German chest, it would have burned up through him, leaving him like an old dead volcano, a charred and blackened monument of God's displeasure. It is this outgoing and outburning power of the missionary idea that makes its resources exhaustless, and its success certain.

I remember of having read somewhere of a discovered wreck in the Southern sea. The helpless hull lay slowly rocking on the ocean ripples. The crew of the vessel which discovered the hull wondered if any one was still on board. So a party of daring sailors volunteered to go and see, willing to brave the dangers of plague and pestilence for the bare possibility of saving some one. They pulled up to the wreck, and went up over her side to the deck. Silence walked noiselessly back and to, and death patiently held the helm. But down in the cabin, on the floor, wrapped in the garments that had once covered a stalwart frame, they found the shrunken, shriveled remnant of a man still alive. They put their strong arms about him and carried him away to their own vessel, gave him some stim-

ulant, and as they stood around him they saw his hard, shrunken lips trying to move, and stooping they caught the words that came hissing through his bare teeth, "There is another man there." Away they went again to the wreck, and rescued his companion. It is this spirit which the missionary idea always begets, speaking first and last and all the while that "there is another man there," which makes its resources exhaustless and its success certain.

Sometimes when I think of the eight hundred million heathen to be saved, my faith gives out, and I think that it is no use to try. But when I listen, a voice comes to me from Judea's holy memories, saying: "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations; and lo, I, the Power older than all histories, deeper than all experience, the Power under all societies, behind all governments, back of all causes,—lo, I, the Infinite God, am with you alway, even unto the end of the world; and I swear by My Eternal Throne that, though you tread with your unsandaled feet upon the 'scorpion and adder,' and press your way through the lions' den and the fiery furnace, nothing shall by any means harm you,"—then I believe and know that success is only a question of time.

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